The Messenger

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DECEMBER, 1926

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By SCOTT NEARING

The War Guilt in 1926
By HARRY ELMER BARNES

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By V. F. CALVERTON

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The Messenger

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Entered as second-class mail, July 27, 1919, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Chris'mus Is A-Comin'

Bones a-gittin' achy,
Back a-feelin' col',
Han's a-growin' shaky,
Jes' lak I was ol'.
Fros' erpon de meddah
Lookin' mighty white;
Snowdrops lak a feddah
Slippin' down at night.
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' fros' an' showahs,
Chris'mus is a-comin'
An' all de week is ouahs.

Little Mas' a-axin'
"Who is Santy Claus?"
Meks it kin' o' taxin'
Not to brek de laws.
Chillun's pow'ful tryin'
To a pusson's grace
W'en dey go a-pryin'
Right on th'oo you' face
Down ermong yo' feelin's
Jes' 'pears lak dat you
Got to change you' dealin's
So's to tell 'em true.

An' my pickaninny
Dreamin' in his sleep!
Come hyeah, Mammy Jinny,
Come and tek a peep.
O' Mas' Bob an' Missis
In dey house up daih
Got no chile lak dis is,
D' ain't none anywhaiah.
Sleep, my little lammy,
Sleep, you little limb,
He do' know whut mammy
Done saved up fu' him.

Dey'll be banjo pickin',
Dancin' all night to'oo.
Dey'll be lots o' chicken,
Plenty tu'ky, too.
Drams to wet yo' whistles
So's to drive out chills.
Whut I keer fu' drizzles
Fallin' on de hills?
Jes' keep t'ings a-hummin'
Spite o' col' an' showahs,
Chris'mus day's a-comin,'
An' all de week is ouahs.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

The Prodigal

Egypt
My Mother
Old and forgotten
Behold me prostrate
Beseeching forgiveness.

Tho I did wander
To many lands
Live many lives
Leave many bodies
Covered and uncovered

Let this be my last
This flayed flesh
This satiated soul
Older than that first
You hold so miserly.

Let me rest
Beside myself.
Bury me deep
My mother
Egypt.

EDNA PORTER.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS STORY

ST. LUKE 2:1-15

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David); to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will toward men.

St. Matthew, 2:1-15

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophets.

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of these shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they had come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son. —*Holy Bible.*

THE FEAST OF THE ASS

As this was anciently celebrated in France, it almost entirely consisted of dramatic show. It was instituted in honor of Balaam's ass, and at one of them the clergy walked on Christmas Day in procession, habited to represent the prophets and others.

Moses appeared in an alb and cope with a long beard and a rod. David had a green vestment. Balaam, with an immense pair of spurs, rode on a wooden ass which enclosed a speaker. There were also six Jews and six Gentiles. Among other characters, the poet Virgil was introduced singing monkish rhymes, as a Gentile prophet, and a translator of the sibylline oracles. They thus moved in a procession through the body of the church chanting versicles, and conversing in character on the nativity and kingdom of Christ till they came into the choir.

This service, as performed in the cathedral at Rouen, commenced with a procession in which the clergy represented the prophets of the Old Testament who foretold the birth of Christ; then followed Balaam mounted on his ass, Zacharias, Elizabeth, John the Baptist, the Sibyl, Erythree, Simeon, Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar, and the three children in the furnace. After the procession entered the cathedral, several groups of persons performed the parts of Jews and Gentiles, to whom the choristers addressed speeches; afterwards they called on the prophets one by one, who came forward successively and delivered a passage relative to the Messiah. The other characters advanced to occupy their proper situations, and reply in certain verses to the questions of the choristers. They performed the miracle of the furnace; Nebuchadnezzar spoke, the sibyl appeared at the last, and then an anthem was sung, which concluded the ceremony.

The Missal of an Archbishop of Sens indicated that during such a service the animal itself, clad in precious priestly ornaments, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession a hymn in praise of the ass was sung—ending with

> Amen! bray, most honoured Ass,
> Sated now with grain and grass
> Amen repeat, Amen reply,
> And disregard antiquity.
> Hez va! hez va! hez va! hez!

The service lasted the whole of a night and part of the next day, and formed altogether the strangest, most ridiculous medley of whatever was usually sung at church festivals. When the choristers were thirsty wine was distributed; in the evening, on a platform before the church, lit by an enormous lantern, the grand chanter of Sens led a jolly band in performing broadly indecorous interludes. At respective divisions of the service the ass was supplied with drink and provender. In the middle of it, at the signal of a certain anthem, the ass being conducted into the nave of the church, the people mixed with the clergy and danced around him, imitating his braying.

WILLIAM HONE in *Ancient Mysteries.*

ANSWERING HEEBIE-JEEBIES

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

In the issue of October 23rd of Heebie Jeebies, sometimes known as Feeble Eebies, appeared an article entitled "Research into Pullman Porter's Wages," preaching poisonous Pullman propaganda. It's the old game of trying to convince the workers through misrepresentations of fact and sophistry that they are getting quite enough pay for the work they do. It's like the flea telling the dog, while sucking his blood, that he ought to be happy he's on his back. The dog is not supposed even to scratch fearing less he disturb the tranquility of the flea. So it is with the Pullman Company and the porter. The Company is willing to do anything for the porter but get off his back, or, in other words, to pay him a living wage and accord him decent working hours and conditions.

It is interesting to note that swarms of prostitute alleged Negro journalists have fallen upon the Pullman Company frantically competing for the right to misrepresent the porters, for pay. Thus, Heebie Jeebies, probably the only Negro journal which can be still found willing to stain its hands with the filth of the Pullman Company, in order to mislead the public or the movement to organize the Pullman porters and maids. No one but a moral Don Quixote would dare expose himself to public reproach by assuming so ridiculous a position now. But given a hungry editor and the lack of conscience and anything may happen! Of course the article in question was written by some of the white publicity agents of the Pullman Company, for despite its childish reasoning, it is still beyond the mental reaches of Heebie Jeebies.

Realizing that its case is weak and indefensible, the Company ever seeks to employ half-truths and subtle implications. Says the Company in the first paragraph: "The recent agitation in the ranks of Pullman porters and the fact that this group of approximately 11,000 colored railway employees was the recipient of a wage award by the employing company of a sum estimated at better than one million dollars a year has led to this survey of the rates of pay and the general conditions pertinent to the employment of these men." This statement in connection with the sub-head of the title, "Facts Brought Out by Probe of Railway Labor Act Survey," is intended to impress the porters and public with the idea that their movement to organize has caused the Government to investigate their wages and working conditions. Whereas the fact is, no such investigation has been made, and the Pullman Company knows it hasn't. But of course, it also knows that Heebie Jeebies will print anything.

It says further that "The object has been to find a basis of fact and to compare the pay and working conditions of Pullman porters with other crafts of railway employees, having in mind the limited occupational opportunities of colored men as a whole since the source of a labor supply is a dominant factor in determining rates of pay." Ten or twenty years from today it will be inconceivable that a colored organ could have printed so vicious a statement against the very people whose interests it professes to advocate. The statement "the object has been to find a basis of fact and to compare the pay and working conditions of Pullman porters with other crafts of railway employees" is calculated to give the tissue of falsehoods some color of fact and fairness, which it has not.

Perhaps, the most sinister part of the whole notorious mis-statement of fact and figures on Pullman porters' wages, is that which says that "the comparison in wages is to have particular reference to other colored railway employees, having in mind the source of labor supply is a dominant factor in determining rates of pay."

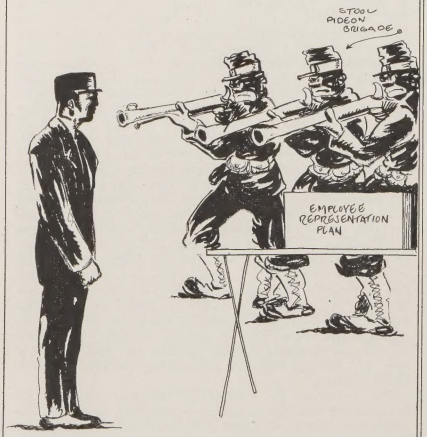
Note how it breathes the venomous vapors of a hateful hatred of race, reenforced by a fantastic and futile economic fiction, namely, that the wages of Pullman porters should be fixed with reference to the pay of other colored railway employees. This is not done with any other group of railroad employees. It isn't done with Jews or Irish or Italians. The express language of the statement is that Negroes are a source of cheap labor supply and therefore must influence the fixing of rates of pay of any particular group of Negro workers. This, needless to say, is a baneful and disastrous doctrine. If it is sound to pay Pullman porters low wages on the grounds that they come from a source of cheap labor supply, the Negro race, then it is also sound to pay Negro teachers lower wages than white teachers on the ground that Negro teachers have their origin in a cheap labor supply—the Negro race. And this same principle of argument will follow in every vocation or avocation in which Negroes are engaged. We find this very same attitude cropping out when courts award a Negro less damages for the same kind of accident which a white man has experienced. In other words, the Pullman Company doesn't presume to be paying its porters according to the worth of their service but upon the theory that the Negro race is the source of a cheap labor supply. This is the most deadly and detrimental doctrine to the Negro I have ever seen in print. Accordingly, no Negro is entitled to receive the pay of any white man because he emanates from a race which is the source of a cheap labor supply. And think of a Negro magazine advocating such an idea! Can you beat it? But we have one consolation, namely, it is just Feeble Eebies.

The reference to "limited occupational opportunities for colored men as a whole" is intended to throw the whole discussion of wages for Negro workers into the field of philantrophy. The implication is that since colored men have such few opportunities for jobs, they ought to be willing to work for nothing when a job is given them. This is a grave challenge to the whole economic future of the Negro race which must be resolutely met, answered and resisted.

The only sound doctrine for the Negro race to take and maintain is that the wages of Pullman porters shall not be fixed in reference to other Negro railway employees whose work has nothing in common with that of Pullman porters, but that their wages shall be fixed upon a basis of service performed, earnings realized by the Company, the general wage movement and budgets that will insure a decent standard of living to American workers. Why should one group of Negro bricklayers be fixed by the wages received by other Negro bricklayers? Why shouldn't a Negro bricklayer's wages be fixed by the prevailing wage of all bricklayers regardless of race, creed, color or nationality? Well, it is being done but only because the Negro bricklayers are in the union. To base wages upon race or color is the most barbarous and dangerous kind of economic and occupational segregation conceivable. The so-called report No. 5 of the old U. S. Railroad Labor Board on "Wages, Rates and General Rules of Railroad Employees on Class One Carriers" does not nor was not intended to prove that Pullman porters were amply paid. It does not prove anything. It is merely a group of figures on wages.

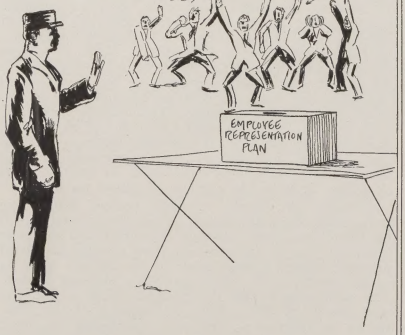
Continues the article, "Pullman porters' information comes from two chief sources: First, from the records of the late United States Railroad Administration and from Company records; and secondly, from a widely circulated personal inquiry among many of the porters while in actual service." The result has been a pleasant surprise. The conclusion is that the Pullman porter is the best paid laborer in the world, as compared to all other classes of railway workers and considering the basic features of wage adjustments, namely, (1) the skill and training required; (2) the hazards of employment; (3) the continuous nature of the employment; (4) the degree of responsibility; (5) wages paid for similar work in

STOOL PIDGEON BRIGADE —— 'HAVE YOU VOTED? NOW DON'T GIVE US NO ARGUMENT— WHITE FOLKS DONE SAID YOU GOTTA VOTE.'
UNION PORTER — 'WHY— I DON'T HAVE TO VOTE FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IF I DON'T WANT TO.'



UNCLE TOMS —— 'SO YOU AIN'T GONNA VOTE-EH? I SEE, YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE SMART BROTHERHOOD MEN'
UNION PORTER— 'NO, I AM NOT VOTING'

'WHAT ON EARTH HAS COME OVER THESE PORTERS? THEY REALLY WANT THAT BROTHERHOOD WE MADE A MISTAKE BY SAYING IN OUR PLAN THAT THEY COULD JOIN A UNION!'



GOOD LAWD— DEY SURE DID KILL DAT PLAN. DEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL BURY US, TOO.'

other industries; (6) the relation between wages and the cost of living and other relevant and pertinent facts such as decreases in wages suffered by other railway employees.

Such are the flimsy grounds upon which the Company rests its case against the Brotherhood. The Pullman Company reminds us of an African ostrich which buries its head in the sand when a storm rises and decides there is no storm, although his decision does not alter the existence or ferocity of the storm. So does the Company build a nice little house of cards and assumes that it's a house of stone in terms of fact and argument.

The Company says it had a pleasant surprise when it found through a questionnaire to porters in *actual* service that they were the best paid laborers in the world. In the language of the stage, *"What* kind of porters were they?" Why wouldn't it be a pleasant surprise? Anything that seems to show that porters don't need more pay would naturally be a pleasant surprise to the Company. The Company ought to realize that such wild statements injure its standing and case. *Any porter who reports that he is the best paid laborer in the world for any reason whatever has simply been fixed by the Company.* No reasonable group of people anywhere would believe such *bunk.* Nor does the Company believe it. Its wish is father to the thought.

The talk about there being no skill and training required for a porter, hazards of employment, degree of responsibility, is the sheerest sophistry and tommy-rot. The skill and training of a porter is so considerable that a probation period is required to attain it. As to hazards of employment, it is a matter of common knowledge that the porters have their list of casualties in service. Besides what about the wages of the conductor whose hazards are no greater than the porter's or of the porter-instructor, who has no hazards at all? Hazards seldom determine wages. Note the low pay of the sailor whose hazards are staggering.

As to the Company's claim that the porter does not undergo any continuous employment. What does the Company expect, that a porter will be making down berths or brushing off passengers every minute in his life in the service? This argument is ridiculous. It is like maintaining that a watchman is not entitled to his pay because he isn't punching the clock every minute he is on the job. The conditions of the job make such impossible as well as undesirable. It is not essential to the production of a high quality of service and service is the chief thing produced and sold by the Company. According to this argument of *continuous service,* Babe Ruth is not earning his pay unless he is always at the bat hitting home runs. But the game could not be played according to such procedure. The nature and common sense of any profession or job dictate that the individual on it cannot engage in continuous action and live. Neither conductors nor trainmen do it. But this does not imply that the porter is not in service or giving service. The fact that a porter is under orders during his entire time on the cars is evidence that his service is continuous. He may be called by a passenger at any minute. Should he not answer, he is penalized.

Would the Company contend that a telegraph operator is not in continuous employment merely because he was not always sending or receiving messages? Like the telegraph operator, a part of the service of the porter is to be ready to answer calls. Is the conductor only in service when he is clipping tickets or making out his report? Is a waiter only in employment or service when he is bringing food to a passenger? No, not at all. The porter, the waiter, the telegraph operator, in fact, every worker is in service immediately he reports for duty. Otherwise, why have a definite time for a porter to report for duty?

A word about the Company's claim that the porter has no great degree of responsibility. What greater responsibility can be placed upon a porter than what he has, namely, responsibility for the *whole car.* The next and only thing is to make him responsible for the *train.*

The argument on wages paid for similar work in other industries is not pertinent here, since the Pullman industry is the principal one of its kind. Besides, it's absurd to argue with a starving man that he should not demand food because there are other people in the world who are starving, too, or to expect a man to be made calm who has been robbed of his pocketbook, by pointing out to him that Mr. "A" was touched for his pocketbook, also. Porters' labor has made the Pullman Company rich and they have a right to expect and demand that the Pullman Company make them comfortable with a living, enjoyment wage. It is not a matter of charity, it's a question of justice.

Observe the article, "Both porter representatives and Company officials were granted extended hearings by the Railway Administration and found that the porters almost to a man were opposed to abolishing tips and taking a flat monthly rate of pay." Why shouldn't they oppose abolishing tips for a monthly flat rate of pay unless they were assured that the pay would be a living wage? This is no revelation. But the Brotherhood has facts to show that thousands of porters want a living wage instead of inadequate and uncertain tips.

TIPS

Says the Company on "tips," "According to the men interviewed, the average monthly 'tips' secured by a porter is a sum slightly in excess of $82, slack runs $65, 'small-hauls' $62, 'top load' runs $85. Thus the weighted average monthly income of a porter is $164 and the average yearly income is $1,968." This is lovely. The only trouble with these high tips is *getting them.* The Brotherhood would therefore suggest that the Company collect these tips and turn them over to the porters in the form of wages in bi-monthly payments.

The Company goes on, "The Interstate Commerce Commission does not consider the Pullman porter a skillful worker." What has that got to do with the price of green apples. It doesn't alter the fact that he is underpaid. "The most highly skilled mechanics employed in the maintenance of the indispensable Pullman car are paid a daily rate of $5.76 and a monthly basic rate of $146.88 which meets in every particular the highest rates paid for similar mechanical skill in railway and outside shops," says the Company through Heebie Jeebies. This is not true. The Pullman mechanics are not union mechanics and they are not paid the union scale of wages. The present group of mechanics in the Pullman shops received a wage which their predecessors flatly refused and left the shops, on the grounds that they didn't afford a decent living. But granting that the statement were true, it doesn't prove that porters are not entitled to a living wage.

It continues that "The porter is engaged the year round." Well, what of it? What does that prove? Merely that the Company is making profit out of his labor the year round. "The porter is on the peak of every wave of prosperity," whatever that is, boasts the Company. Well, being on the peak of prosperity and getting it are two different things. Porters desire the latter. But it does not follow from the former.

Just listen to this: "The fraternal and political convention seasons, the purely pleasure seasons, every gesture of success, disaster or pleasure requires and rewards the Pullman porter," jubilantly observes the Company. Anything to keep from paying the porters, who have suddenly become so rotten rich, a living wage! Indeed, the poor Pullman Company is hard pressed for a legitimate argument when it is compelled to dig up and drag in such irrelevant material. It is quite likely that porters will reply that these conventions simply work them to death without giving them a commensurate reward.

Says the company with emphasis, "Another factor overlooked by the so-called agitators or organizers of the porters but not by the porters interviewed, is the fact that at all times and particularly since the last wage increase, the number of applications on file for porters' positions is about 7,000." And therefore . . . The inference is that if porters organize, these 7,000 applicants will take

their places. This hackneyed scare has been practiced upon every group of workers, white or black, who have ever attempted to organize in the history of the country. Besides if a man can't make a living on a job there is no use of his holding it. Moreover, these so-called 7,000 applicants are subject to organization, too. But that is not all.

Continues the Heebie Jeebies "Also the Pullman Company is not compelled by law or conditions to confine the porter personnel to men of the colored race." Who said it was? It has already violated the rule of seniority by giving Filipinos club car jobs on the Pennsylvania over the bid of some of the oldest porters on the road. There is no better reason than this why porters should have organization.

"The Company has been approached in the interest of Americans of other colors and of other races for positions of porters. Company officials, however, state that they are satisfied with the present personnel and have met from time to time in an orderly way, the chosen representatives of the porters and at all times have granted every just and reasonable consideration not merely in the interest of the porters but in the interest of the Company and the public served by the Company and its employees," remarks Pullman Heebies. Well suppose the Company has been approached by persons of other races and colors for jobs. Does the Company think for one minute that that is going to cause the porters to abandon a movement for their own protection. Not at all. If these other persons of other so-called races and colors were given jobs they can and will be organized, too. If the Company is satisfied with its present personnel as it admits, that is another reason why the Company should make the personnel satisfied with its pay for its service. While it is true the Company meets with the chosen representatives of the porters, they are *not chosen by the porters*. There is the rub. They are chosen by the Company, and the Company ought to be too intelligent to presume that the porters would remain too ignorant to see that. In this respect, the Company is standing in its own light. It is being ill-advised. It is being advised by Negro Pullman officials who fear those they are advising.

Reference to George H. Shannon's appointment to the Board of Industrial Relations by the Company, under the Employee Representation Plan as an evidence of good faith with the U. S. Railway Labor Law is childish. Were the Jeebies aware of the fact that every Negro is not of the type of the majority of the boot-licking porter-instructors, it would not make such absurd statements and assume that the porters believe them.

Relative to the skilled colored craftsmen in the Railway service, it is to be noted that most of them are organized, despite the alleged fear of losing their jobs. If the porters have not suffered a wage decrease since 1918, according to the boast of the Company, it was because their wages were so low that a decrease was not possible.

On the matter of home life, it is stated by Heebies that the porter reduces his rent by renting rooms. Would the Company contend that that is a desirable condition? The Company here indicts itself as under-paying the porter. Does the Company think for one minute that the porter rents his rooms to strangers because he likes it? Would the Company officials desire to rent out half of their homes to strangers in order to pay rent? "The condition of a worker's home is a direct reflection of his earning power or the value of the job he holds," says the Heebies for the Company. Too true. Hence would any one contend that a porter who rents out a part of his home to roomers is a reflection of adequate earning power by the porter? Not at all. In other words, he may *earn* sufficient money but he doesn't *receive* it.

Observes the Jeebies for the Company, "The porters' income is often twice that of many thousand colored school teachers, excepting only those few who teach in large Northern and Eastern cities." But that is not saying anything for the porters' income, but a great deal against the teachers. Does not Heebies and the Company know that there are Negro teachers in the Black Belt of the South who get as little as $25 a month in salary?

The Pullman Heebies says that "porters' yearly earnings overlay bricklayers'." If this were true we should pity the bricklayers; but this is not true. We haven't heard of any bricklayers rushing to get into the Pullman service to get rich off porters' $72.50 per and perhaps "tips."

Much ado has been made out of porters who enter real estate or the professions as though it was any tribute to the job. What about Frederick Douglas and Booker T. Washington? They came out of slavery. Is that any good reason why one should glorify slavery?

Says Pullman Jeebies, referring to the porters, "His contacts and cultural advantages are the greatest enjoyed by any class of worker." Granting that that is true, it won't buy any sugar for his coffee. Moreover the culture the porter meets with on the cars won't make any Chesterfieldians.

Pullman Jeebies ends its wild ravings with the hallucination, "His is the best paid job in the world." Enuf sed—this statement contains the seeds of its own refutation.

May we also suggest that Pullman Jeebies take note of the occupational expense of porters away from home, an item provided for by the Company for service inspectors and traveling passenger agents of the Pullman Company. The average monthly occupational expense of a porter away from home in shoe polish, food, housing, uniforms is $30 or $40. Thus should his "tips" amount to the wealth of Croesus, this occupational expense is an investment for the Company by the porter amounting to over a quarter of a million a year. Why wouldn't the Company pay Heebies to carry its propaganda against the Brotherhood?

THE PAY IS CERTAIN

Asako
Little Geisha Girl
Drunken father sell
Just two hundred Yen
Japanese Lady
Buy, take home for work

Asake
Little Bare-Foot Girl
Little money have
Heart big like full moon
And never beggar
Pass empty handed.

Asako
Go take Public Bath.
So big man wash back
Children point and cry
"Lookie red Brown Skin
Oh see, Indian."

Asako
Busy Geisha Girl
Red Brown Skin all aflame
Yesterday, rich man
Pay one night to sleep
Just two hundred Yen

EDNA PORTER, *Tokyo.*

GROUP TACTICS AND IDEALS

The following questionnaire was recently sent to Negroes in all parts of the country. Some of the first answers received appear below. What do you think about it? We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers to the extent of 200 words. Address letters to The Forum Ed tor of THE MESSENGER.

Questions

1. Is the development of Negro racial consciousness (a definite group psychology, stressing and laudation of things Negro) compatible with the ideal of Americanism (Nationalism) as expressed in the struggle of the Aframericans for social and industrial equality with all other citizens?

2. Will this ideal of equal rights and privileges be realized within the next century?

3. If and when this ideal is realized, will it or will it not result in the disappearance of the Negro population through amalgamation.

4. If the struggle for the attainment of full citizenship rights and privileges, including industrial equality, is to result in the disappearance of the Negro through amalgamation, do you consider the present efforts to inculcate and develop a race consciousness to be futile and confusing?

5. Do you consider complete amalgamation of the whites and blacks necessary to a solution of our problem?

6. Do you desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity and the trend toward amalgamation cease?

7. Can a minority group like the Aframericans maintain separate identity and group consciousness, obtain industrial and social equality with the citizens of the majority group, and mingle freely with them?

8. Do you or do you not believe in segregation, and if so, in what form?

The reply of Mr. Eugene Gordon, of the editorial staff of the Boston Post, appears below.

1. For the following reasons I believe the doctrine of race consciousness to be harmful to the American Negro:

(a) It makes for unhappiness, in that it fosters self-consciousness and self-pity.

(b) It stimulates "race pride" of a sort, and even serves as a spur to individual and racial accomplishment; but I doubt whether these benefits are comparable with the benefits of limitless, untrammeled ambition, and concern for the national good.

(c) It narrows the vision and shortens the perspective of those who practice it, because contemplation of self alone forbids contemplation of and participation in larger affairs, except as these may be considered to bear relationship to the race problem.

(d) It engenders hatred by nourishing prejudice, that blind child of ignorance. Constant insistence upon consciousness of one's racial antecedents, to the exclusion of matters of national import, naturally closes out of consideration problems and issues of such moment as to need the attention of all the citizens.

(e) Consciousness of race, in that narrowly restricted sense in which the expression is constantly used with reference to Negroes, does not help the Negroes' cause with the dominant group. As a matter of fact, it hinders, for voluntary grouping, ancestor-worshipping, seeing, thinking and speaking in terms of race, make conspicuous a timid, faltering, groping, prejudiced group; make pityingly conspicuous a group which complains of few opportunities and of insults, but which is more interested in its racial antecedents than in its nationality.

2. I doubt that the "ideal of Americanism" will be attained by the Negro in the next century; however, it is coming, and coming with the absorption of the Negro in the American nationality. It can not possibly come sooner than amalgamation takes place.

3. When this "ideal" is finally realized the Negro will have become amalgamated, or almost so. The "ideal" can not fully be realized until the Negro is fully amalgamated.

4. Whites and blacks must inevitably form alliances. No law on earth, written or unwritten, can forever prevent it. With these alliances come always a further dilution of the Negro blood. Complete amalgamation, then, is as inevitable and as implacable as fate. The doctrine of race consciousness is futile and inane; it does not hinder amalgamation, which is ruthless and triumphant, but merely temporarily delays it.

5. I consider complete amalgamation of the whites and blacks *absolutely* necessary to a solution of the race problem. Only family ties between blacks and whites, across which all racial differences will be obliterated, can inevitably and irrevocably cure our inter-racial ills.

6. I do not desire to see the Aframerican group "maintain its identity" and to see the "trend toward amalgamation cease." In the first place, it can not maintain its identity. Since 1850 the number of mulattoes in the United States has been many times multiplied. Its increase in a section of the country where intermarriage is not tolerated forces one to acknowledge the natural affinity of the races for each other, and compels one to scoff at the theory that there exists in the whites an inherent abhorrence of the blacks. In the second place, such an effort toward maintaining a separate identity only helps to intensify racial animosities, as pointed out previously.

7. All evidences point to the sheer impossibility of such a situation. Many Negroes no longer believe that race consciousness should be taught the masses, but that national consciousness should be taught instead. The group which believes thus is daily growing larger, due to the teachings of the few "inspired" ones. Despite the efforts, therefore, of certain men like Moton and the late Booker Washington, like Kelly Miller and others of that ilk, the blacks of America are beginning to realize that their future lies in America, and not in Africa, or with the dead kings of Egypt; that they are no longer more to Africa, and will never again be more to Africa, than are their white compatriots to Caucasia. To remain forever separate and distinctly a Negro group is totally impossible, in the light of these facts.

8. I do not believe in segregation in any form and for any reason whatsoever.

EUGENE GORDON.

Quite a different, if less definite point of view is expressed by Mr. Floyd J. Calvin, Eastern District Manager of The Pittsburgh Courier.

1. Yes.

2. To a certain extent, but not completely in a technical sense.

3. No, not completely, that is, not necessarily completely because of this.

4. I do not believe the race will disappear through amalgamation because of full citizenship rights and industrial equality, therefore I do not believe the present efforts to

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The Theater

The Souls of Black Folk

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Reflections of an Alleged Dramatic Critic

Sweet and Low Comedy

If I wanted to be facetious this month I would ask Mrs. Amy Ashwood Garvey (wife No. 1 of the exiled Emperor Marcus le sable), what is the big idea of calling her show, "Hey! Hey!", a musical comedy. The show contains no songs of its own but employs the popular successes of the radio, and its alleged comedy is the warmed over burlesque of some twenty odd coon shows which have preceded it, with only here and there an original touch of business. However, since I'm not in a captious mood, I'll take the show as it stands without arguing about its classification. Amy has a dozen or so buxom girls on her pay roll, who are not the ugliest hoidens in the world and before the performance is ended they strip down to diapers and phallic symbols. According to current standards it is a good show.

I hope nobody thinks I'm trying to high hat "Hey! Hey!" because I'm not. While the comedy is low enough to have attracted the Dutch Cleanser squad of Gomorrah it is sweet as sin, and consequently very pleasing to a man of Babylonian tendencies. Here are two samples, the first submitted by a high yaller with a proper voice for singing blues, the second contributed by one of the clowns:

The reason why my grandma loves
my grandpa so
He's got the same stroke he used
eighty years ago—

And:

When a man grows old his blood runs
cold—

You finish it. If your childhood memories go back to the dear old Southland you will remember it was one of the gems of folk lore scribbled on the wall of the little house in the back yard.

Slow Motion Pictures

When it comes to this little theatre business it seems that I belong to that class of individuals Barnum had in mind when he said there was one born every minute. Every time a new group appears and announces its intention of establishing a real race theatre I swallow their blah hook, line and sinker and immediately begin to dream dreams of a Harlem neighborhood playhouse rivaling the achievements of the one in Grand Street. I suppose it's just another case of being parent to hope. My ardent wish to see the Negro theatre become something vital and lovely instead of the glamorous brothel it is now makes me susceptible to the smooth talk of anybody who expresses a desire to work toward that end. I have had kind words and big hopes for every little theatre group which has appeared in Harlem, but so far not one of them has given me an even break by accomplishing anything.

During the first year or two of its existence it doesn't matter much what a little theatre does so long as it keeps everlastingly at doing something. If good plays are not to be had keep on putting on mediocre plays. The experience will help develop the actors and when the actors become proficient in their art they will inspire dramatists to write good plays. Still more important is the fact that frequent performances serve to hold the interest of the public. The importance of the interest of the public can hardly be overemphasized, for it is almost as vital to the development of the theatre as acting and drama. Dramatists do not write plays and actors do not perform them for their own entertainment but to please an audience. It follows that, even aside from the financial question involved, the first and last duty of a little theatre is to work up and hold the largest possible amount of public interest.

Judging from the way they started out it appeared that the Krigwa Little Theatre promoters initiated their movement with these facts firmly in mind. They got off with a fine head of steam, gave a series of interesting performances, worked up a considerable amount of public interest and then—took a vacation. Since then they have been giving a first class imitation of slow motion pictures. The opening of the season was postponed from September till October, from October till November. Then the regular rehearsals were suspended in favor of a special performance given on Riverside Drive for the benefit of the Crisis Magazine. As a result of this shilly-shallying almost half the season, the more profitable half, by the way, has been allowed to pass without anything being accomplished.

This is a bad state of affairs and if it is not remedied quickly it will prove fatal to the movement. As long waits between acts cause an audience to lose interest in a play, just so, long intervals between performances cause the public to lose interest in a theatre. The idea that a stable and effective theatre can be founded on social standing or the prestige of one man is all wet.

Libeling Divinity

To Mr. Floyd Calvin's interesting and diverting symposium of opinion on Nudity on the Stage, published in a recent issue of the Pittsburgh Courier and embellished with the photographs of as sightly a quintette of red hot mamas, sans clothes, as you will clap your eye on in a pair of blue moons, Mr. W. A. Domingo, sepia sage ex-officio, contributes the following rococo confection of blah: "If the exhibition of the *human form divine* were done with some artistic purpose, it would of course be excusable and permissible, but since it seems it is done primarily for the purpose of catering to the baser sex instinct, it suggests the need of some kind of reasonable regulation." *The italics are mine.*

As a religious man who is extremely jealous of the good name of the Lord of Hosts in this community, I want to ask Mr. Domingo just who informed him that the normal human body is divine. When I say a normal body I mean one like those possessed by ninety-nine out of any hundred unselected individuals composing a theatre audience, a church congregation or the diurnal procession to and from the downtown sweatshops. If the idea is his own I herewith challenge Mr. Domingo to quote his authorities.

I don't believe Mr. Domingo can give any authorities. Nor can anybody else give any. The fact is the assertion that the human form is divine, that is, suggesting or having the appearance of the form of divinity, is a palpable libel put out by atheists as a part of the current campaign to discredit the old time religion. Any man with eyes or ears or olfactory nerves in good working order can see for himself that there isn't a bit of truth in it.

I might concede, for the sake of discussion, that God has a voice like Roland Hayes, a face like the late lamented Rudolph Valentino, a body like Jack Johnson's from the shoulders to the ankles, and I am also willing to concede that Mrs. God is like Ethel Waters, all compact, endowed with the voice of Marian Anderson. But this approximation of divinity can be produced only by imagining a composite person the like of which, statistics show, nature produces only 4,067 times every six hundred years.

Surely no right thinking man would contend that there is even the slightest hint of divinity about the appearance of Ben Turpin, Willie Stevens, Bull Montana, Rev. John Roach Stratton, Rev. Archibald Grimke, A. B. Rice or Editor Bibb of the Chicago *Whip*. The specimens just mentioned are by no means representative of the nadir of human pulchritude, for all of them except one have been blessed

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REFLECTIONS UPON RACE

By THOMAS KIRKSEY

The smoke of battle has cleared away from the Rhinelander divorce proceedings. One had but to tune in to pick up all sorts of things said floating about in the air concerning those proceedings. The deep thinkers and economic determinists, no doubt, have seen little else reflected than the economic disparity of the parties concerned, the race element being for them merely a subterfuge, a screen behind which to hide the working out of more immensely powerful economic forces. We partly agree with the above that the affair had an unmistakable economic aspect, but we are also shallow enough to share the opinion of the intellectual lightweights, if, indeed, these latter may be called such, that those proceedings were as fundamentally racial as they were economic.

Make no mistake about it, we, as colored people, find ourselves in the midst of a people in whom the pride of race is stronger than religion, a people, who, apparently, would decline existence even if they could not be Nordic, a people who worship their physical ideal,—fair hair, blue eyes, light complexion, long heads, and tall stature first and God next. In fact, everything in social life seems so shot through with "We are white, our hair is blond, and our eyes blue or gray," that one almost expects to find it in the food that he eats. First of all these people who nature, in her all wise providence, has so singularly picked out, and has so "sharply distinguished from the rest of mankind," will give you to understand, let us be North Europeans, and after that we are willing to talk shop, politics, religion or anything else with you, but remember, North Europeans first.

Evolution is a slow process. It has proved itself too slow for the northmen. Since nature has persistently refused to produce any thorough-going differences in man save a few superficial ones like skin and hair, and color of eyes the northmen have grown restive under a process which moved like molasses in winter and have been assiduously studying man to see if they could not assist nature at a task about which she moved so slowly. This study has been not unproductive of results. The northmen have discovered that in mind, if not directly in matter, evolution has really taken place among men after all. Nature has evolved, not a different species, in the Zoological sense, but has simply embellished and refined what she has already produced. So then it is here. What? A race of super-men. The honor goes this time, not to Eugene Dubois for having discovered pithecanthropus, but to Friedrich Nietzsche. Kroeber and Waterman in their "Source Book of Anthropology," the text, which served as the basis of the course on the study of man, pursued by the writer in New England a few years ago, and which text was, of course, written primarily for white students, seize upon every opportunity to assert that "the mentality of the whites is two grades above that of the Negro." In fact, so often is this statement repeated that one is reminded of Cato's words which were required to close any speech whatsoever: "Carthage must be destroyed." Go where you will or may in social life and if you will not hear the gist of the statement of Kroeber and Waterman proclaimed from every house top, you will observe that the actions and aura even of northmen are permeated with it. As an instance in point listen to this beautiful excerpt culled from a treatise on "Civilization and Climate," by Ellsworth Huntington: "All these considerations seem to point to an eradicable racial difference in mentality. As the plum differs from the apple not only in outward form and color, but in inward flavor, so the Negro seems to differ from the white man not only in feature and complexion, but in the workings of the mind. No amount of training can eradicate the difference. Cultivation may give us superb plums, but they will never take the place of apples. We have tried to convert the black man into an inferior white man, but it cannot be done." How does that sound to you? Like Hoke Smith, Cole Blease and Vardaman you say? No. You are mistaken. This bit of interesting reading from a gentleman with an "international mind" is a man of science in one of the greatest institutions of learning in America and in the north.—Yale. It sounds to us, however, just about like what we should expect a passage from a composition of a high school boy of the Nordic race of Texas or Tennessee to read. Do not forget the name. The name of the gentleman is Ellsworth Huntington. Did you say worth hunting? What? Just a little raison d'etre on that pride of race alluded to at the outset. It would not be difficult to show that it is from this very pride of race that the Nordic superiority complex has inevitably flown.

Let us pause for a moment to observe how the race characteristics of the Nordic are used to express and to symbolize virtues and excellence generally and how those of other races are utilized to convey impressions of vices and shortcomings. Here are a few: Thus, if one happens to be kindhearted, his heart is white. If one is mean or cruel, his heart is black. If one is honest in dealing with others, one is fair. If one is dishonest, one is shady, dark. If one exhorts money from another by unjust or illegal means one is a blackmailer. Why not a whitemailer? If one is intelligent, one is bright or one is longheaded. We know of no words or expressions to convey ideas of the opposite of intelligence, suggesting the darker races, which have made their way into the language. If it had been generally known that the root word from which "Hottentot" sprang means stupid, as J. Deniker tells us, then, very likely every person who exhibited a lack of intelligence would have been a Hottentot, since Hottentot is a name of one of the Negro races. Some people of color are unthinking enough to make the exhortation when one is to be treated well: "Treat him white." If one should manifest cowardice, one is yellow. All of these catch words and expressions are, of course, open to question, but to show how palpably false such utterances are capable of being let us consider this one instance. All Anthropologists worthy of the name regard the Japanese as fundamentally a Mongolian race, and accordingly group them with the yellow peoples, the efforts of A. H. Keane, the English Anthropologist to the contrary notwithstanding, to smuggle them into the Caucasic Division. Now, if yellow is a badge of cowardice the late savant of Yale, Prof. William Graham Sumner, must have been day dreaming or handling the truth very carelessly when he wrote: "Our western Tacticians have had rules for the percentage of loss which troops would endure, standing under fire, before breaking and running. The rule failed for the Japanese. They stood to the last man. Their prowess at Port Arthur against the strongest fortifications, and on the battlefields of Manchuria surpassed all record."

Not satisfied with dominating all of the virtues on this earth with their racial traits, we find that the northern stop at nothing, not even the grave. The above characteristics of race have the same power in other worlds as in this one. Thus, all angels are beautiful "white" women. In fact, "whiteness" begins at the very suburbs of heaven; for the gates are pearly. Even God himself must sit upon a great "white" throne. If the system of government of heaven is a monarchial one it is just about time now for a social revolution, if the social order there would not lag too far behind in the ranks of political progress, for even on the planet earth, kings and thrones are fast becoming anachronisms,—"relics of by-gone days and outlived conditions." Had the coming of Christ been postponed twenty centuries later, we would venture to say that the northmen of the United States especially would get their heads together to see if they could not in some manner beguile the Almighty to send his only be-

gotten son into the world as a Nordic. They, perhaps would broadcast their desires to the celestial city. Alas! The affair happened twenty centuries ago when the poor, stupid northmen of Europe had no self consciousness, and knew little or nothing of using influence. So the lamb of God put in his appearance as a child of Israel, although you would not think so from a glance at his photography. A Jew! Oh!!!! Well, anyway, it could have been worse; for Jews are at least white. Whiteness, therefore was the window that was left open for the burglar. The northmen entered, stole the Christ, and remade him into a Nordic. Whereas we have broached a subject considerably above us in the latitudinal sense, it is our desire not to fall into that time-honored controversy between science and religion, concerning that pride and conceit of man, which, being so intolerable, nothing could flatter it but the death of a deity. Let us rapidly pass in review a few of the Somatic traits of the Saviour to get an idea of the thoroughness of the theft. All photographs of the Saviour portray him as a Nordic. He is tall, a trait, certainly, not especially characteristic of Jews. The nose, although narrow and straight, is never convex, designated in common parlance as hooked nose, as is frequently met with among Jews. There is not the quick, active eye of the Israelite which sees a bargain and has made a profit before the majority of other peoples are even aware that the economic goods being passed upon have any value at all. On the other hand the eye is characterized by that gentleness which almost suggests sluggishness. The mouth is always a mouth and never part of a muzzle. Consequently, the dentition must have been of the tiny type, with a tendency to crowd, as Sir Arthur Keith tells us is frequently met with in modern Englishmen, the lower teeth passing "up and behind" the upper ones, and not the "edge to edge bite" as we see in Apes. In appearance, the lower jaw is well-nigh a whole geological epoch removed from that of Homo Heidelbergensis.

Other characteristics of his photograph which have no especial Nordic significance are the long, wavy hair and the well development of the pilous system. The pilous system evidently was well developed for the photographs frequently portray him as possessed of a moderately long and thick beard, a trait upon which northmen and their European kin especially seem to have almost a monopoly, even if Dr. Frank Boas does see in this trait one which places the whole Caucasic Division nearer the animal ancestor in that particular instance, than all other races, except the Australian. In head form the Saviour out-Nordics the Nordics. There is not one recessive trait about it. Rated in advance over the Anthropoidea, it is one hundred per cent perfect. The head is harmonic throughout; that is to say the face is the elongated one minus the high cheek bones accompanied by a long narrow head, a negative explanation perhaps may better serve the purpose. If the face is short and broad, accompanied by a long, narrow head, the head form is then said to be disharmonic. All photographs of the Saviour, without exception, portray him as having a well proportioned dolichocephalic head of the river-bed type, the dome being well "lifted above the auricular base line." The Saviour evidently had brains, another very special anatomical endowment of northmen. In fact, it is this organ, as much as color, which causes them to be so "sharply distinguished from the rest of mankind." If you do not believe it then compare or better contrast achievements, culture, civilizations. You will be promptly asked to make the contrast if D. T. Anstead did tell us that, "the races called Caucasian were certainly among the latest to be civilized, and we cannot tell how much they owe to those whose civilization preceded our own." The other side of the picture shows that the devil is black and his kingdom is one of darkness.

In their haste to invade heaven, however, the northmen made a few mistakes, for example, they were blunderous enough to make the angels who flit around God "white" women. Now it requires no extraordinary powers of vision to see that they made an egregious blunder here. All peoples, among whom such ideas as heaven and hell exist, regard heaven as a reflex of this earth. They regard the social order there as being more perfect and just than this on our planet. If there is one thing all oppressed peoples expect when they get to heaven other than to live and to loaf like capitalists on earth, it is what they have been most stringently denied here,—social equality. Now black men as well as some white men will from time to time get by St. Peter. Just imagine a big, strapping, black Negro walking down main street or flitting around over the glassy sea in heaven, locked arms with a white angel, telling lies, jealously eyed by a burly, blue-eyed Nordic from Texas or Tennessee, now ladies and gentlemen, you willl agree with us, that, if the police force is not very strong there heaven would soon be the theatre of a race war.

To those who are unacquainted with the science of Anthropology it would appear that the discovery of America which hurled together the Nordic and the Negro was the strangest paradox in the realm of man which possibly could have happened. Could any two types of man be found anywhere on the globe to have so little in common? Closer scrutiny of the facts, however, reveals that the paradox is not so much a paradox after all, that, in the osseous framework of the two types of man, a characteristic more important in classifying and determining affinity of races than skin or hair or color of eyes, the Negro and the Nordic present such striking similarity that such able anthropologists as Giuseppe Sergi of Italy and W. Z. Ripley of America were both constrained to derive the two types of man from the same parent stock. Thus the Nordic and the Negro are conspicuous for their dolicho cephaly (long heads) and "lofty stature." Although the writer is a poor exponent especially of the latter of those traits, nevertheless the exception here as elsewhere only forces the rule. He as certainly radiates from a center of "7 foot giantism" and dolicho caphaly as the fairest Norwegian or Swede. These, the Sudan shares in common with Scandinavia.

It may be news to some people of color that the fanatical straining at the physical ideal mentioned above, has not only blinded the Nordic to anything resembling justice where pigmentation is involved in dealing with other races and especially the Negro, but it also manifests itself against peoples whom, by all the principles of anthropology, these northmen are forced to include within their own group. Thus these northmen have a considerably deep prejudice against the short-stocky, brachycephalic (broad-headed) brunette white man, known in anthropological science as the Alpine type, or central Europeans. This prejudice against the various types of man ascends as one descends upon the European continent. Witness such euphemistic race label names as "hunkies" and "dagoes." A distant kinship is claimed with the Arabo-Berbers, Egyptians and some other elements in the population of North Africa. On reaching the Sahara, the Mason and Dixon line in Africa, a sharp command of halt is given. If you will proceed, then watch your step. We have now reached the rim of humanity at last. From this point southward (The Sahara) we pass into the territory of—er—the Negro, the modern pithecanthropus erectus, a biological tertium quid, certainly a little higher than the anthropoidea, but as certainly a little lower than Homo Sapiens. Make no false steps here by grafting upon this low limb of the tree of life; for we are not so sure that this limb is moving humanward. It, in all probability, is ramifying in some other direction. A single slip may throw the human race, so far as you are concerned, back over a span of some hundreds of thousands or even a million years until our progenitors are met with who parted company with their anthropoid forbears, probably in the oligocene period.

What is the use of raising the immigration bars against undesirable South Europeans and orientals if members of our oldest families, identified, of course, with "the fairest and most elevated of all mankind," go to hob-nobbing with Negroes, the lowest and most undesirable, from

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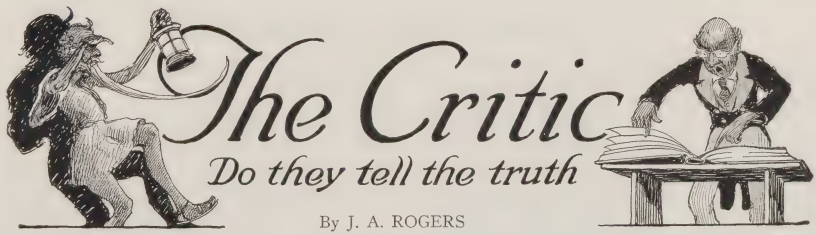

By J. A. ROGERS

Dear Old Georgia

Georgia, from where I am writing this, is still Georgia. It is not necessary here to remind one of the human barbecues which caused it to be the most famed in the Union; the following incident will be sufficiently eloquent of Southern chivalry:

A few days ago in Atlanta I went to look at the home of the Klan, now the residence of His Majesty, the ex-Emperor William Joseph Simmons the First. The neighborhood is a residential one, and returning, the street car was so crowded with colored folks, domestics, I suppose, that they filled the aisle to the entrance standing in all that part of the car occupied by the white people. The rule is that white people on entering must fill the car from the front, while the colored do the same from the rear. On no account must members of both so-called races share a seat; that would be social equality. Sitting across the aisle is all right, however.

By and by the white people began to get off, leaving a vacant seat here and there; nevertheless, although colored people continued to cram themselves into the car, not one dared occupy a vacant seat, and continued standing until they reached the colored neighborhood several miles further. Among those that did not dare sit was a mother with her baby in arms, who had ridden at least six miles, and who perhaps all that day had been waiting on white people.

The following excerpt from an article appearing in the Hearst paper that morning sent in by "The Christian Council" under the heading "Race Relations Are Lauded by Council" will speak for itself. "Our street cars, in which the rule wisely requires that white people shall take their seats from the front of the car toward the rear, and the colored people from the rear, etc., etc." Get on a Georgia street car, or most Southern ones for that matter, and one is liable to be forced to shift his seat a half a dozen times in order that caste be maintained. The whites usually keep their seats, no matter how many vacant seats are up ahead, but there is usually a scramble on the part of seated Negroes for rearmost vacant seats when white people get on. And they had better!

The southern jim-crow car, and the Georgia one in particular, is full of explosive possibilities, and I thank my lucky stars each time I alight safely from one. Life here, at least as I feel it, is like walking unarmed through a jungle with lurking wild beasts; they may or may not attack you, it depends on your luck. Recently a prominent citizen, Dr. C. A. Spence, was set upon by motormen and policemen, and badly beaten because he kept his seat in the car, following an altercation between the conductor and a colored passenger. As soon as the row began all the Negroes fled but Dr. Spence who has been here a short time. He committed the grave offense of remaining in his seat. Following the attack, he and his wife were arrested. She, after having much of her clothing torn from her by the officers of the law, was released, while he was held in heavy bail charged with inciting a riot. At the trial two days ago, the judge threw out the case without listening to it.

The doctor, as was said, was badly beaten about the head and the policemen boasted about it in court at the hearing. "Yes," said one, "I hit the nigger three times."

The south is not only the black belt but the religious belt of America. One finds more churches to the square inch here than to the square foot in all that territory above the Mason-Dixon line. Christianity, we are told, will solve the race problem. Very well, but what power is going to get it into the heart of the cracker. So far it has been about as effective on him as a mosquito's sting on the side of a battleship. The more I think of the matter, the more I am inclined to agree with Nietzsche when he said "The first and last Christian died on the cross."

In order not to be accused of the charge of fighting the Civil War over again, I am going to submit the following without comment. On the front cover of the school books given free to children and high school students, colored and white, by the city of Atlanta, is a picture of Robert E. Lee with his sword, telling why he fought in an attempt to perpetuate slavery. The quotation runs: **"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the aid of my native state, in whose behalf alone I will ever draw my sword."**

Not many miles away from Atlanta the memory of Lee is also being carved in gigantic effigy on the face of Stone Mountain, the workmen on the dizzy height seeming as tiny as elves. I asked one colored high school girl her opinion of Lee's picture on her history book. Her reply was, "I'm glad that they're still so sore about losing the war that they have to do that." Nothing of the Uncle Tom about that reply. That is the type of Negro youth who is laughing speakers off the platform when they come with tales of their Negro mammy.

World Wide Jim Crow

Jim-crow laws against the Negro are becoming world-wide. A Virginian physician was refused a visa by the Brazilian Consul to visit that country as a tourist. Among other countries to which Negroes are not permitted to go are Mexico, Panama and British Africa. Dr. C. S. Brown, head of the Lott Carey Missions told me that the State Department at Washington once sent him a list of the south and central American countries he would not be permitted to enter because of Negro ancestry. The State Department does nothing about this because it does not regard so-called Negroes as citizens, hence there is no affront to the United States. The Negro political leaders of course are asleep on this part of the job as usual. Soon Negroes will not be permitted outside of the United States which will be just what the professional white man wants; keeping the Negro "in his place."

My America Will Remain Dry

Anent the Eighteenth Amendment, ten states have voted wet, while thirty million dollars have been asked for by Gen. Andrews, prohibition director. Nearly half a billion dollars has been spent already fruitlessly. But the law will remain since it is the juiciest patronage apple the politicians have ever set teeth into. An additional thirty million dollars means that much value in vote-getting for Coolidge and the Republican leaders; however, it is only incidental in this case as the Democrats are hoping to snatch that apple at the next election.

Nigger Heaven

Negroes all over the country are wrathful at Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven"—a book which may be characterized as smut with a sympathetic setting. I, for one, do not blame Mr. Van Vechten. The fact is that the Negro (like any other group in America) is going to be explored and written about without he moves to stand still. The white public has a taste chiefly for one side of Negro life, the underworld, and the publishers, who are only caterers to the public, must give it what it wants, or go out of business.

If so-called Negroes wish the more respectable side of their life presented,

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KNOW THYSELF

By A. SAGGITARIUS

Somebody said, "The greatest study of a man is man." In ancient times when a neophyte entered a mystery school and sought instruction, he was told "know thyself." Apparently an easy task, but quite to the contrary on close analysis. The philosophy underlying the expression is that: If we consider man a spark of Divinity, he contains within himself all that ever was, is, or shall be. In other words, he is a miniature universe and presents a field for exploration that should satisfy the most rabid student. Today the advice, "Know Thyself," is as valuable as in the past. The earnest student of economics and sociology will always find it invaluable as a key to the problems that daily confront him. Their rational solution will depend largely on his success in applying, personally, the maxim "Know Thyself." Knowledge of one's self comprises control of one's self and that means power. The magnetism and controlling influence exhibited by all great leaders of men are in proportion to the degree that this knowledge has been mastered.

A vein of similarity is to be noted in the methods adopted by these shining lights—No dominant will brings them on the crest of popular favor; nor enshrines them in the hearts of an adoring people. They are votaries of the law of harmonious relations and having wrested from nature the secret operating that law are now working in unison with it. The rest is easy. Their influence is felt by friends and foes alike; but the effect produced is dissimilar. Friends, working by like law, are attracted as steel to a magnet and are soothed, helped and toned positively. Foes working with the law of force are disturbed and irritated. Yet this very perturbed state, more often than not, acts as an awakening. The desire for the restoration of such apparent harmony that once existed finally leads to the realization of a law broken. A turning point is reached and ultimately another recruit is drawn into the charmed circle—another scale has fallen from the eye of the blind.

The noted spiritual leaders, who at different times, and at various places, have appeared and instituted codes of morals, best suited for the uplift of the peoples of those times and places, are outstanding examples of men with self-knowledge. There is another method by which men lead, or perhaps the better expression would be control others. Reference is here made to the law of force. It is not true leadership and there is no real power in the individual. It is merely vicarious and is lent by the cause he represents. Obviously, force thus acquired may be withdrawn or terminated at the will of the investor—like the trust placed in princes, it is ephemeral and shadowy and may be lost when the whim so directs, or the ever-changing policy demands.

Of the many dramas now being enacted before the eyes of the world none is more fraught with vital human interest than the struggle being made by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, in a determined effort to gain a foothold on a rung of the economic ladder—a struggle that has shattered all preconceived ideas relative to the inability of Negroes to organize and fight collectively,—a struggle that has brought to light a Negro leader whose moral stamina, high ability and integrity is second to none of the leaders produced in the history of modern times.

On the one hand is the powerful Pullman Company and its affiliations, possessing millions of dollars and unlimited influence. It is a living exponent of the law of force, upheld by the most acute brains that money can buy and a system, whose life depends on eternal vigilance, can produce.—A system, which, if the force upholding it was suddenly removed, would crumble from the sheer weight of accumulated wrongs it had attracted during its administration.—Its minions would follow and be relegated to that oblivion they have earned, and so justly deserve; and to which they are even now tending, although apparently in the hey-day of power; through the operation of a higher law, that of harmonious relations.

On the other hand, in this drama, are arrayed the Pullman porters and maids with their leaders, headed by A. Philip Randolph. They are backed by no millions of dollars, accumulated by the sweat of a groaning and exploited class. Nor are they advised by the astute brains, attuned to the arts of chicanery, and past masters in applying the law of the survival of the fittest. Their force is drawn strictly from the material plane and their crass agents never applying a thought but what was encrusted with egoism.

The powerful weapon of the porters and their leaders is truth, honesty, faith and belief in a just cause. These are attributes of the law of harmonious relations and as a nucleus have attracted to themselves that finest element of public opinion which is the sinew of progress for all times, places and peoples. The power of their leader is real and influences friend and foe to the same extent, but with the difference I pointed out earlier .

Cool, calm, honest and just he stands. Agent of the law of harmonious relation, he is clothed with the power of the universe. Force after force leveled at the welfare of the cause, for which he is pledged, has gone down to ignominious defeat and abandoned to painful obscurity. He is never shaken from his course by calumny, threats, intimidation nor flattery. Neither has the temptation of wealth, that has wrecked so many alleged leaders of the past, dislodged him from his spiritually fortified position. A leader among leaders he will remain; living, dying or dead.

It may be quite puzzling to the casual observer why a labor union should be inciting so much interest. Why its ramifications should be penetrating and disturbing so many stable institutions. The deeper student will note that it is socio-economic in its scope and Randolph has awakened the balance of power—the Rip Van Winkle of the Economic World,—and is now teaching him his duties as a citizen of that world. The labor organizations who barred Negroes from membership have now dropped the barriers. They came to the realization, that as scab-labor, Negroes remained the deterring influence and weak link in the workmen's army.

A striking example of a wrong cause enfolding within its confines a weapon of self-destruction. It will be thus seen that the laboring world is watching and waiting with grim intentness, the outcome of a struggle, that if successful, will mean greater power added to their ranks. Whilst the capitalistic class is using their well-known methods to retain the power they early gained through wrong education, and maintains through trickery and force. What the outcome will be is only known to the Grand Architect of the Universe whose sense of justice is the real balance of power, in a world of seeming turmoil strife and confusion.

HEALTH FOR HARLEM

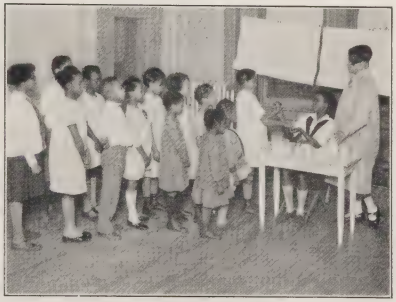
The offices of the Harlem Committee of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association are on the third floor of the New York Urban League Building, 202 West 13th Street. From these headquarters the Committee conducts an active and far-reaching campaign of community health work. Since August, 1922, when it was organized under the direction of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association at the request of local citizens, the Harlem Committee has been doing active work to fight tuberculosis and other disease and to build up general health in Harlem. It conducts a general Information Service where anyone may go and ask for information about health problems. People who have tuberculosis are given help in finding the proper clinic to attend for examination, the right sanatoria to go to for the treatment they need, and other help in solving their problems. During 1925 this Service assisted 1,283 individuals. The Committee also conducts an Information Service for physicians. Here they may obtain assistance in having their patients placed in tuberculosis sanatoria.

The Committee urges all people with whom it comes in contact to have periodic physical examinations by a doctor. Keeping up the general resistance is one of the best ways to fight tuberculosis and other diseases. In 1925 special health examination clinics were held for people unable to pay private physicians.

The Committee aims to assist parents in planning the proper diet for their children. Once a week a nutrition class for children is held at the Committee's office. Here special health games are arranged for the children who attend and health stories which teach them what to eat and how to take care of their bodies are read to them. A nutrition worker also visits the schools in the community and arranges to give them assistance with problems in nutrition that come to their attention.

A dental clinic is held every morning. One of the rooms at the Committee's headquarters has been converted into an up-to-date dental office. Here children who cannot afford to go to a private dentist may receive dental attention. The average daily attendance is twelve, but on some days there are as many as twenty-two or twenty-four children. The clinic was started August 18, 1924. More than 2,000 new cases have attended it for examination and treatment, not including the number of return visits made. In 1925 the clinic reached 1,063 children with 3,654 treatments. Twelve Harlem dentists each gave one-half day a week of their time to the work. During one year, the dentists gave 1,548 volunteer hours to it.

Every child who attends is weighed and measured. If he is found to be undernourished, the mother is visited, and the Committee offers to give her advice and assistance in building up the child's general health. Both mother and child are urged to have complete health examinations by a doctor. Thus the work of the clinic is far-reaching. It aims to build up general resistance and thus fight disease, as well as to teach people to take proper care of their teeth. The services of the Harlem Committee are for residents of Harlem only.



NUTRITION CLASS

In the Spring of 1923 an institute for physicians was organized. Twenty-four doctors enrolled for the course of lectures on the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis that year. Ever since, an institute for post-graduate work on some special subject has been given for doctors. There are lectures and observation classes open to the physicians of Harlem. Leading specialists from New York and elsewhere conduct the classes which are held in the various hospitals and clinics.

Health lectures by specialists are arranged for under the direction of the Committee. One hundred and fifty-six health talks and movies were arranged for by the Committee in 1925. Posters and pamphlets are loaned or given to schools, organizations and individuals. Personal services are rendered to many individuals.

Mrs. Mabel Doyle Keaton, a graduate of the Nurses' Training School at Howard University, who has also had experience at Phipps Institute in Philadelphia, has been executive secretary of the Committee ever since its origin. The Committee includes a large number of

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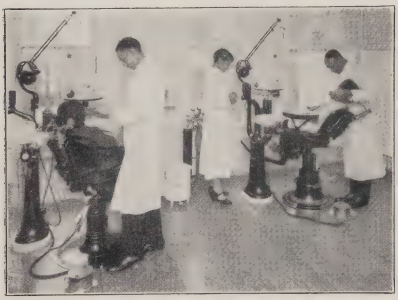

DENTAL CLINIC

INFORMATION

Edito

Opinion of the leading

Shaw

The Nobel Prize has just been awarded George Bernard Shaw for 1925. When informed of the award, with his characteristic cynicism and wit, he remarked that it was probably given him because he hadn't written anything. While this is a humorous quip of easily the first literary man in Europe, it ought to be searchingly suggestive.

Were some of the "go-getter" writers to let up a year or so in the production of their literary out-put, certainly the public, if not the writers, would be the beneficiary. Our period suffers grievously from a surfeit of quantity, not quality, book production. Mental literary machines, like industrial machines, are putting on the market, for profit chiefly, more standardized, mediocre goods than the public can or ought to consume. Writers are in a mad race striving to see who can produce the most literary trash. All honest seekers after truth and beauty may be pardoned should they wish that such competition may be the death of trade; for most of the material which goes by the dignified term of literature is merely an adroit mode of saying nothing.

Cannon

Joe Cannon, the celebrated speaker of the House of Representatives for some forty or more years, has passed. He had been, on account of his sturdy, rigid and inflexible Republican orthodoxy, variously termed, derisively, a tyrant, dictator, Czar, boss. His political attitudes had come to be known as Cannonism. He was essentially a politico-manipulator. His sagacity, energy and religious adherence to Republican Party regularity erected him into a sort of institution, around which the affairs of the House were organized.

History will not set him down as a public spirit of vision, possessing statesmanship qualities. His interest centered chiefly in the handling of a political mechanism, the House; and for the benefit of the Republican Party, which, like Frederick Douglas, he firmly believed, was the "ship and all else the sea." He was a hard-boiled realistic reactionary, who would have none of the new fandangled progressive political notions of Roosevelt.

Company Unions

Organized capitalists have long since realized that the workers want and must have organization, hence, they have devised the company union to ensnare them. They have presented the semblance of organization instead of a real labor organization of, by and for the workers. The company union movement began about eight or nine years ago, and has steadily attempted to destroy the trade union movement.

The company unions are doomed to die because they deny and stifle the freedom of self-expression on the part of the workers. No company union ever leads a fight for more wages, shorter hours or legislation for the benefit of the workers or society generally. Their purpose is to establish industrial despotism, not industrial freedom.

Five-Day Week

Henry Ford's recent announcement of the Five-Day Week in his factory has created an international stir among wage earners and industrialists.

Of course, the Five-Day Week is not Mr. Ford's own invention. Some sections of the needle trades and the building trades have been working on the Five-Day Week basis for some time. In these crafts the seasonal character of the work is doubtless responsible for their being among the first to inaugurate the Five-Day Week.

By and large, the Ford Five-Day Week constitutes a serious tax upon the nervous and physical energy of the workers, since the policy is to so speed up the worker as to exact the same amount of work out of the workers in five days as they gave in six. Under the minute subdivision of labor, the repetitive operations ranging into the thousands a day have a deadly and monotonous influence upon the workers. Thus, the price of the Five-Day Week is increased physical and nervous exhaustion to the workers, without any commensurate increase in pay.

With Ford, the Five-Day Week is purely a phase of production strategy. The workers are the victims rather than the beneficiaries. This need not be so, however. A Five-Day Week can be established which would reflect itself in genuine benefits to the workers. To this end the American Federation of Labor Convention went on record as favoring a Five-Day Week which will mean more freshness of mind, more physical comfort, more spiritual happiness.

Negro Workers Joining Unions

It is encouraging to note that Negro workers in widely separated sections of the country are going into labor unions. In Chicago, the Negro girls in the big factories have revolted against the oppression of the bosses and have formed a union to protect their interests under the progressive Chicago Federation of Labor.

In New York, Negro workers in the paper-box factories are standing side by side with their white brothers for more wages and better working conditions. They are unfortunately but naturally op-

rials

colored American thinkers

posed by some Negro and white strike-breakers. In New York too, the Negro motion picture operators are making a valiant fight against the Lafayette Theatre for union wages and conditions. All of these efforts are happy signs of the turning of the Negro workers toward the method of labor unions for the solution of their economic problems. They seem to reflect, too, the spirit of the noble fight which the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is making for economic justice.

Queen Marie

It is as disgusting as it is amusing to see the American people falling over themselves to kiss the feet of Queen Marie. Aristocrat and pauper seem automatically to be ready to do abeisance to European royalty. At every turn, Americans continue to justify the charge that they have an inferiority complex to the royalty and intelligentsia of Europe. While Americans may greatly profit from the culture-treasures of European scholars, artists and scientists, they are only demoralized by their sycophant adulation of a royal parasite.

World Tours

The C. J. Walker Institution, through its world tour plan for persons who win their popularity prizes, is making it possible for an effective broadening of the culture-horizon of Negro men and women, who probably would never be able to avail themselves of such rare travel under such splendid conditions.

It is a tribute to the fine management and tradition of the Walker concern that it has so sucessfully concluded a contest which will reflect itself in the cultural and economic advancement of the group. The winners are all persons of affairs, leaders in their lines.

Negroes Ahead Where Whites Are

If you want to know what sort of Negro you have anywhere, find out what kind of white man resides in the place under consideration. His tastes, his crimes, his acquisitive habits, his sports, his psychic traits will steadily conform to the white mold of the community. Negroes are frequently charged with cutting and shooting and being very lawless. They deny the charge vehemently. The denial has little weight, because the evidence is too overwhelming. Don't try to deny it; explain it. If anybody does anything to a white man's family in Texas, Georgia, Virginia, he takes his gun from behind the door and goes out and shoots down the offender. He lynches and burns and mobs, showing little restraint upon his passion; he is a prowling hyena, an uncontrolled jackal, a barely concealed savage. The Negro seeing him, *"the so-called superior race,"* act like this, decides to settle all his own questions in the same way. Among the English white people nearly everything is litigated. Crime is much lower than in America and the courts settle things. We see its effects upon the British West Indian Negro. He carries you into court for the smallest trifle. In short, while the American Negro, like the American white man, seldom settles anything in court which may be settled out of court—the British West Indian Negro, like the British white man, seldom settles out of court anything which can be settled in court.

The West Indian Negro plays cricket; the American Negro baseball and football; not because of any special difference in constitution, or peculiar capacity for the respective games, but because it is the adopted sport of the ruling whites in their respective countries. The Haytian Negro is a colored Frenchman. He imitates the French in cultural habits, dress, and hygiene. The Cubans are perfect daguerreotypes of the Spanish. They like bull fights, rooster fights and gambling. They have about the same attitude toward sanitation and superstition that the Spanish have. The Negro adopts the white man's religion. The West Indians are in the English church; they are Episcopalians on the whole. The Cubans are Catholics, like the Haytians, following their Spanish and French ruling class. The American Negroes, like the American whites, are primarily Protestants, and follow every form of charlatanism, quackery and superstition for which the whites of America are generally notorious. In New York, nearly everybody dresses well. A man may have no other *good traits,* and a woman may be *good-for-nothing,* but in Gotham they (their clothes) at least are good to look at. In Chicago the whites have something of the spirit of the settlers—their thrift, money making, and acquisition of wealth differ from New York, which stresses the display of wealth. The Negroes follow suit by building more business in Chicago and giving more attention to the accumulation of wealth than to the exhibition of the trappings of aristocracy. Los Angeles white people stress beautiful yards and the environment of the house. Negroes have smaller homes with yards which display the very spirit of the whites. In Charleston, South Carolina, the white people are haughty, arrogant, and proud. The Negroes are haughty, arrogant, and proud in the very same way. In the South the white people are lazy, easy-going, slow walking, inefficient, except where the Yankees have gone down there and breathed the breath of commercial life into business and industry. The Negroes walk along lazily, and slow, and have little efficiency except in so far as they too have had contact with the Yankee whites. In some respects the Southern Negroes are ahead of the whites, because most of their young men, while in schools and colleges

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NOTES OF THE BROTHERHOOD

The Brotherhood is waging one of the most memorable fights in the history of the Negro race for economic justice. As a result of its fight on the Employee Representation Plan, the Plan is spiritually dead.

Despite the Company's effort to jam the Plan down the throats of the men, in district after district, they turned it down. The Brotherhood is also collecting affidavits as evidents of coercion and intimidation of the men by the Company during the Plan election. According to the Company's own agreement with the Pullman porters and maids, they were within their rights in refusing to vote. Moreover, the new Railway Labor Act expressly forbids the coercion or intimidation of the employees by the carriers on the question of choosing representatives to handle their grieveances.

In desperation, the Company staged the Plan election in order to head off, if possible, the Brotherhood's application for the services of the Mediation Board. But the Company has failed and failed miserably. The moral victory of the organization is all the more signal when it is realized that inexcusable reprisals were practiced on the men with a view to breaking their morale.

The Company is amazed and astounded because it never dreamed that its oldest and most responsible men would refuse to be brow-beaten into voting for their own slavery, and in cases where they did vote because of coercion, a large number have filed affidavits of protest against the Plan. It would seem that the Company would finally realize that the Brotherhood is here to stay, and doubtless it would, were it not for the servility and hypocrisy of the Negro Pullman officials, who, in order to hold their jobs, continue to tell the high and low officials that Negroes won't stick. But it won't be long before the Company will see that their Negro officials are a liability, and not an asset; then it is good-bye to the Negro Pullman officials, since it is a matter of common knowledge that the Company does not love them any more than it loves the porters.

GENERAL ORGANIZER'S RECENT TRIP

In the assault of the Brotherhood on the Plan, the General Organizer recently visited the big divisions of the country.

BUFFALO

He made his first speech in Buffalo on the Brotherhood at the white Y. M. C. A. The message met with a happy response. The spirit of the men was visibly strengthened. The meeting was arranged by some white liberals, composed of business men, professors, teachers, writers and social workers. The address was made as a result of a dinner given in honor of the General Organizer by this liberal group. The subject was "The Negro in Industry."

CLEVELAND

In Cleveland, despite a terrific downpour of rain, a big meeting was addressed by General Organizer Randolph. The meeting was staged by Mr. and Mrs. Russell W. Jelliffe of the Neighborhood Playhouse Settlement. In the face of adverse circumstances, they put the meeting over big. Most of the Negro leaders of Cleveland were afraid to touch it. A group of Negro social workers, however, fearlessly lent their support. Attorney Harry Davis, member of the Ohio legislature, and Rev. Russell Brown openly took a position of sympathy with the meeting. W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, made a telling talk on the need of organization for the Pullman porters. A professor of the University of Ohio, presided. The choir of the Rev. Russell Brown's church, rendered the Negro National Anthem. While there are few porters in Cleveland, some of them represent the finest spirits in the service.

The next stop of the General Organizer was Detroit, the open shop city, where the white Y. M. C. A. cancelled Mr. Green, president of the American Federation of Labor's invitation to address it, and the white churches, under the lash of Detroit Employers' Association, barred A. F. of L. speakers.

In spite of a heavy rain, an interesting meeting was held at the Bethel A. M. E. Church of Rev. Gomez. Dr. O. W. Sweet, militant, fearless and independent, presided. The General Organizer also attended some of the sessions of the Convention of the American Federation of Labor.

CHICAGO

Probably one of the biggest meetings ever staged in Chicago by Negroes, was arranged by the Chicago Division of the Brotherhood under the leadership of Brothers M. P. Webster, Organizer, and George A. Price, Secretary-Treasurer. Plymouth Baptist Church was packed and jammed. A logical and brilliant address was given by Donald R. Richberg, co-author of the New Railway Labor Act and the greatest living authority on railroad labor law in America. He is directing the legal fight of the Brotherhood. Mr. Frank P. Walsh and C. Francis Stradford are cooperating with him.

Miss Mary McDowell, head of the Department of Welfare of Chicago, gave an inspiring and impressive talk. It was she who originated the phrase that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was an evidence of the fact that the "Negroes were beginning to write their own economic contract." From the beginning of the struggle she fearlessly came forward and championed the cause of the porters and maids while Negro leaders in Chicago were either fighting the Brotherhood because of Pullman gold or they were silent out of fear.

Brother Webster, the chairman, briefly surveyed the history of the movement to organize the porters. The speech of the organizer was given a great ovation. This meeting was followed up by a series of forceful propaganda articles by Brother Webster in the Chicago Enquirer against the Plan.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Brother A. L. Totten, Assistant General Organizer, had set Kansas City, Mo., and Kan., virtually on fire with interest and enthusiasm when the General Organizer arrived. In Vine Street Baptist Church of the fearless and able fighter, Dr. Holmes, Brother Randolph addressed a meeting with standing room at a premium. Dr. Holmes was among the first of the leading ministers of the country to come out boldly and openly and champion the cause of the porters' right to organize. A. L. Totten, the chairman, reviewed the aims of the Brotherhood and introduced the General Organizer, whose message was received with great acclaim. The audience was composed of Kansas City's leading Negro citizens as well as a representation of the whites showing that the citizens of Kansas City are behind the movement.

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Here, too, the General Organizer was greeted by a tremendous throng in Dr. Bronson's church, who unequivocally expressed his genuine support of the Movement. Brother Totten, with his characteristic vigor attacked the porter-instructor of Kansas City, Mo., calling him by name. The applause which greeted his attack showed the revolt of the men against the espionage of black Pullman officials. Brother Randolph was introduced by the Principal of the Kansas City High School for Negroes. The reception of his talk showed the growing interest of the Negro in the philosophy of economic cooperation.

WICHITA

While there are only sixty or more porters here, the meeting held in the St. Paul A. M. E. Church of the Rev. Brooks was packed to capacity with persons standing. The meeting was enlivened by a controversy between the pastor, Rev. Brooks, and Brother Totten, occasioned by the latter's attack on Bishop A. J. Carey, who is Rev. Brooks' Bishop. The observations of Rev. Brooks showed that he was a well-meaning but misguided. The audience was visibly with Brother Totten. The editor of the Wichita Protest, Mr. U. O. Bettis, a fearless fighter, welcomed the organization to Wichita. That meeting will never be forgotten.

In the Y. W. C. A. of Kansas City, Mo., the General Organizer addressed a special meeting for the women, arranged by the Colored Women's Economic Councils of the Missouri and Kansas sides. The president of the City Federation of Colored Women's Clubs gave two stirring addresses in the interest of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

ST. LOUIS

This has been the hardest nut to crack of all of the divisions, doubtless on account of the tyranny of Mr. Burr. He is even worse than Mr. Mitchell of the Pennsylvania District, if that's possible.

But under the steady, determined, systematic hammering of Brother W. H. DesVerney, Assistant General Organizer, St. Louis has been captured for the Brotherhood. The grip of Mr. Burr was effectively broken by the two mammoth meetings addressed by Brother Randolph and DesVerney and the "Answer, Mr. Burr" leaflet, issued by the General Organizer.

On Sunday, October 24th, in the Union Memorial Methodist Church, one of the most significant meetings St. Louis has ever seen was held. Brother Des Verney bitterly assailed the stool-pigeons and Company agents, calling Mr. Couples by name, a white official, who was present. The reception given the address of the General Organizer was overwhelming.

THE PORTERS' CASE

In the November issue of the Federationist, the organ of the American Federation of Labor, is an article entitled "The Case of the Pullman Porter," by General Organizer Randolph.

E. J. BRADLEY

Probably one of the biggest and most stinging surprises Mr. Burr has received was the resignation of Mr. Bradley, to become Organizer-Secretary-Treasurer of the St. Louis Division. Brother Bradley is admired and respected by all of the men of St. Louis for his fearless, able and determined advocacy of the cause of the porters. The office of the Brotherhood is in the People's Finance Building, Room 208.

In the Y. W. C. A. the City Federation of Colored Women's Clubs had the General Organizer to address them on "The Negro Woman and World Feminism."

Hundreds were turned away because of the lack of even standing room. Mrs. Laura Bridges, wife of Dr. Bridges, introduced Brother Randolph.

CONFERENCE WITH RICHBERG

Enroute to New York the General Organizer stopped off in Chicago to confer with Mr. Richberg on matters vital to the Brotherhood. Mr. Richberg is industriously lending his great talent and abilities to the cause. He is set upon seeing the whole thing through.

A conference was also held with Council of Action in Chicago headed by Brother Webster.

Reports from Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Denver, Boston, Washington and the South show a growing sentiment for the Brotherhood. Porters are determined if it takes a decade to build an organization of, by and for themselves.

Brother Randolph addressed the Workingmen's Association Forum in Boston, November 24th, conducted by white workers.

LABOR DINNER

On November 30th, a Negro Labor Dinner will be held in the Yorkville Casino by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Its purpose is to make a national statement on the attitude of the Negro toward the Company unions and the movement to organize the unorganized. The speakers will be Rev. A. Clayton Powell of the Abyssinian Baptist Church; Hugh Frayne, Organizer, American Federation of Labor, for New York; Norman Thomas, Director League for Industrial Democracy; W. H. DesVerney, Assistant General Organizer, and A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer. Paul Robeson will sing.

Reservations can be made until November 29th, at the Brotherhood Headquarters.

LIFE

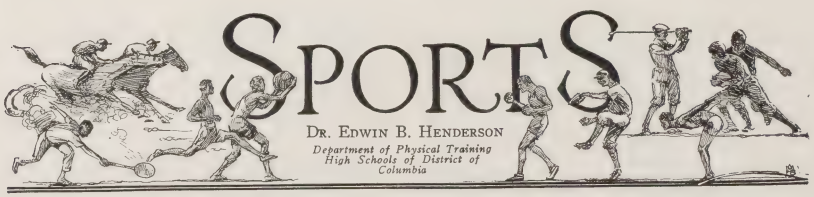
I've seen the moonbeams shining light,
I've watched the lamb-clouds in the night
While stars shone clear and bright;

I've heard the wild winds as they moaned
The mighty oaks as they seeming groaned
While stormy was the night.

I've seen again the break of day,
The sun rise through a tinted gray
As from a mighty deep;

I've seen the bitter and the sweet,
And learned to know that it is meet—
To laugh, to moan, to weep.

ANN LAWRENCE.



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

Football

Football at this writing indicates close games as the season ends. It looks like Howard will beat Lincoln, West Virginia will win over Wilberforce, Hampton over Union, Petersburg over St. Paul, A. & T. over Shaw, Atlanta over Morehouse, and Tuskegee over the southern teams.

Howard University opened its new stadium, the first completed one in colored colleges. There have been several thousand students and other spectators comfortably seated in its spacious stands. But Howard's football crowds and receipts will never swell perceptibly until there is revival of some of the old C. I. A. A. competition. It is a sad commentary on higher education when for two or more years a condition of no athletic relations has been allowed to exist. Here we have schools close together, able to contend equally well on the gridiron and in other sports and yet not competing because of differences that are trivial to the extreme. If Howard or the C. I. A. A. teams had been guilty of condoning mucker tactics that had needlessly maimed or injured players, or had caused riots and destruction of property the condition of impasse might have been justified. To my mind the cause of education in its other aspects and the development of many racial interests has greatly suffered because of this athletic status. I am firmly convinced that a conference of university and college presidents would lead to an opening of relationships. It is the writer's opinion that Howard, Hampton, Morehouse, Lincoln, West Virginia Institute, Tuskegee and other colleges and schools will find it to their best development to fight out athletic battles in local conference groups with a few inter-conference or inter-sectional activities to lend foreign color to the schedule. This conference activity will favor the increase of interest in the many and varied sports and games that have developmental possibilities peculiar to themselves. Soccer, boat-racing, basketball, baseball, in and outdoor track, lacrosse, tennis and swimming offer splendid opportunity for stimulating healthy physical and moral growth of college men and the vitalizing of educational processes by creating energetic characters that are not embodied always in the peculiar brawn and brain of the football player. One-day or one-night short trips that are not prohibitively expensive, or are not destructive of scholastic time are promoted by local conference schedules. Then, too, regardless of what coaches say, there must be some regulating agreements to restrict athletic procedures from straying too far afield. It may have been that the C. I. A. A. regulations were too limiting and too restrictive upon Howard, but I will not concede that the task of reconciling differences was impossible. The writer's hope is that liberally educated men may come together representing their institutions, play the game of give and take, and leave the decision to mediators of their choosing. No one's pride will fall and we will be able to make this South Atlantic athletic district of colored schools a big field for racial development despite the valuable years lost in the destructive warfare of severed relationships.

The Lincoln vs. Tuskegee game at Philadelphia was a spectacular affair and resulted favorably from a sport standpoint. The brilliance of Stevenson of Tuskegee was the bright spot. Lincoln with a young team was not expected to flash. Tuskegee showed nothing new. Critics agreed the game was enjoyable and stimulating to sport lovers.

West Virginia is still a fighting machine. When Howard and Lincoln meet the mountain eleven a good game is always in prospect. Outplayed by Howard at the start the coach in the interim instilled such fight into his men that they scored and almost tied the effort made by Howard.

Wilberforce beat Lincoln but lost to Howard. Unfortunately, intelligent people regret that Wilberforce a school for training colored youth, and partly supported by a colored church finds it necessary to use white men as officials. Admitting that they received a bad decision and maybe lost one game once at the hands of a colored official, so did Harvard last week lose a touchdown because a referee allowed more than four downs, and so have white officials of the best rank committed grievous errors from time to time in big games. Coaches want to win and often they have been accused of playing the officials to win games. Is the ephemeral victory on the gridiron worth selling a principle of race equality and ability for this mess of pottage? I know of a white army officer who upon returning to his dinner after acting as judge at a colored drill said to his wife in explaining his lateness, that he had been acting as judge of a "Nigger Drill" and that he gave the drill to the blackest captain. The domestic in the home reported the remark at school the next day and this incident helped break a bad practice.

Baiting of Officials

Referees and coaches have come in for many knocks this season. First

(*Continued on page* 378)

FOS-O-ZONE

The greatest Tonic for Nervous Debility, Mental Exhaustion, Lost Appetite, Neuritis, Anaemia, Brain Fag, Backache, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sciatica, Hysteria, Lassitude, Maternity Weakness and disorders resulting from a reduced state of the nervous system.

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Unlike other topic medicine, Fos-o-zone does not injure the teeth or upset the stomach and cause constipation, on the contrary, it will be found beneficial in these conditions.

FOS-O-ZONE may be taken at all times with benefit; there is no possible objection to its continued use either as an appetizer or a general strengthening and nerve remedy.

Write for agent's terms

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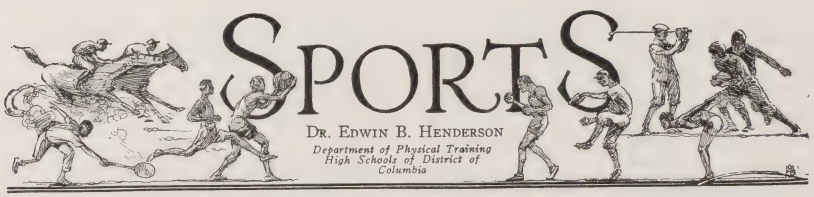

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world gets the less able the individual is to do anything singly.

I have three things I am going to say briefly about Labor Organizations. From a good many year's work with and for them, I find that one is to have a good cause, one is to have information, know what you are talking about and doing, and the third is to have the organization and power of action which requires discipline, working together, willing to sink personal feeling for the benefit of all. These three things are vitally necessary. No one will question that the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters is a good cause. They might have made a mistake in thinking they had such a good organization that they didn't have to get information, but this organization has shown wisdom in getting information from the start. It is exceptional for an organization right at the start to show the wisdom shown by this organization, getting the facts first and getting the case prepared, not by a law, but by actuality and statistics. The organization is gaining. In other words, the organization is prepared not only with a good cause, but with improving conditions of men who work, they are laying a good foundation and are preparing to fight for their cause. It is just as important to put that kind of support behind their organization as it is to put artillery behind infantry when it goes into a battlefield. The discipline of an organization is another development. You have fine examples of it. I have been surprised during the last ten or fifteen years when I know more about trade unions than before. I have been surprised to find that probably the finest and best disciplined unions were the trade unions of the United States. That is, they were a disciplined body of workers, accustomed to working together. When authority was put into a man's hands the rest were guided by his decisions. You won't see an army stand with everybody giving orders. So it is with an organization. You have to follow your leaders. You have your right to speak in your own unit, which expresses you. That is another thing I have discovered. That is the democratic policy of the trade unions in this country. They select their own leaders, choose the men they want and abide by their decisions. The decisions are not handed down from the top, they are not forced on the men, it is done by their own choosing. In fact, autocratic power was put into the hands of the leaders and it existed by the consent of the men who organized and was not forced on them. So if the examples of the trade unions in this country are followed out, as I know they will be in this organization, you will have the same results which will make this organization a living force.

About information I want to say one word right now, not in criticism, but commendation of what I know of the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters, while this organization is young. Some of the older organizations have accomplish so much with the force of their numbers and selection of leadership and some have learned the value of getting real information behind them. I hope that as this organization goes forward it will not make the mistake of thinking that time and money is wasted by getting facts. My argument about getting information is well testified to by a cartoon I saw the other day in the paper which depicted a woman who had had a hard time getting a maid, but she finally got one who had had no experience at all and who asked a high wage. The woman said, "Don't you think that inasmuch as you are inexperienced and can't do anything that you are asking rather a high wage?" The maid promptly replied, "Ma'am, don't you see how much harder it is for me to work for a small wage when I don't know how and have so much to learn?" (Laughter.) We are very apt to think our wages ought to depend on how hard it comes to us and the difficulties of the work and the long hours that ought to run into wages. But in the long run the wage can only be paid out of what the employee makes. The wage will depend on how much you produce. I think that a man should get every possible part of what he produces. The goal that all labor is working toward is to get the largest possible amount of what it produces. But you do want to get your fair share, to get that you must know the facts, you have got to know how much is going into the pockets of the other fellow by the work that you are doing that ought to go into your own. There is a curious thing in this connection about the present question, that is about the desires of the Pullman Car Porters. Then I am going to get off and let someone else talk. I say that as a promise.

This situation has one very peculiar element in it. I have heard something about the Brotherhood of Pullman Car Porters seeking an increase in wages. I hope that it will be made very clear that the Sleeping Car Porters will not have to seek a long time to get an increase in wages. The first thing is to get the Pullman Company to collect the Pullman Porters' money for them and then give it to them instead of making the Pullman Porters collect their own wages. (Applause.) That is not an increase in wages. You will agree with me that if you are in a rush to take a train to New York or some other place and you are going to pay for your berth and transportation to the Pullman Company and you expect to give twenty-five or fifty cents to the porter anyway, you had just as soon pay for it all at once. It is not going to cost the public any more. (Laughter.) Send men to have the Pullman Company collect all the porters' wages. (Laughter.) Only after they collect it you want to be sure you get it. (Laughter.)

I can't go on talking. It is always desirable to have a change of faces or scene. I am afraid that if I go on talking I would be in the position of the man who stayed late into the night when he was calling on his sweetheart. He said to her, "I sometimes wish I could travel—" and she said "Yes," and handed him a nickel. I don't want that to happen to me. (Laughter.)

The Rational Prayer

"Not more of Light, we ask, O God,
But eyes to see what is.
Now sweeter songs, but ears to hear
The present melodies.
Not greater strength, but how to use
The power that we possess.
Nor more of love, but skill to turn
A frown to a caress.
Not more of joy, but how to feel
Its kindling presence near
To give to others all we have
Of courage and of cheer

No other gift, dear God, we ask
But only *sense* to see
How best the precious gifts to use
We have received from Thee.
Give us all fear to dominate
All holy joys to know,
To be the *friends* we wish to be
To speak the *truth* we know.
To love the poor, to seek the good,
To life with all our might,
All souls to dwell in harmony
In Freedom's perfect light."

Anonymous.

SPEECH MADE BY MARY McDOWELL

Head Department of Welfare, Chicago, on Sunday, October 3, 1926, for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

This is a much larger meeting than we had the last time I had the pleasure of meeting with the Pullman Porters. I enjoyed that meeting so much that when I was asked to come here today I accepted, particularly because I feel under obligations to the porters, even though the Pullman people have allowed me to help pay their salaries. I have enjoyed the hospitality and service of these men who have charge of the cars in which we lie down to rest when we go on long journeys.

I am not much of a speaker, but you have had a legal mind to help you to tell you what you need to know, so I am simply here it seems to me, as a witness for those things I believe in. I believe in Your Cause. I believe in your power to make that Cause effective. I believe that there are three very great words that help towards progress that you keep before you more than any other Race I know, and to make your Cause effective keep in mind ORGANIZATION, CO-OPERATION and MEDIATION. (Applause.)

In the past you have not organized very much because you have been very busy climbing. I do not think you realize how marvelous your climbing has been. No race in so short a time has climbed so fast in a struggle up the hill of Progress as your race. (Applause.)

Now I have my own pet notion about how you did it. But we won't have time to discuss it very much, so I can hand you my notion out and then run away. My notion is that you have never wasted your time or energy stopping to lynch people on the way up, or in rioting on the way; you did not stop to trouble about your tormentors; you climbed right on singing most beautifully, laughing most delightfully. I wish we could all climb that way. When I think of the wonderful progress—when I think of your leadership in literature, in music, art, poetry—that young man poet that came here and read to us his poems in Chicago last winter, and sang so beautifully, thrilling us—he was so young; your actors, your educators, your preachers—you have them all; little wonder that you must be proud and inspired when you stop to think about it. It inspires me, it must inspire you.

It is not enough though, to sing songs, it is not enough to write poetry; it is not enough to pile up literature, not enough to be dramatists, even though the great Belasco said that he expected that in a few years the Negro Race would give the world its best drama—that is not enough—that is the top. What about the base of the Pyramid—the wage earners, what about them?

I am particularly interested in the porters' organization, because to me it is tremendously significant in being the first great economic organization that must come as the last of the very great struggle of your race. (Applause.) And it has to succeed, because the time has come for it to succeed. (Applause.) You have shown your ability to own land, you have shown your ability to get rich, you have shown these things as individuals, now you have to show your power to organize for your own interests. Not selfishly because it is not selfish, it is too basic to be selfish; it is too big to be selfish. You have to get that economic peace that everybody talks about nowadays. It used to be only Socialists that talked about it, now gentlemen of large wealth talk about it. They tell me now that you must have a foundation to become philanthropic. I knew that before and told them. We have had to teach them lots of things. The women had to teach them lots of things. We had to go through a great deal. Your women have learned to take care of themselves and hold their heads up. My hat is off to the maids I meet on the trains. The beginning of the end of the great struggle of your race is in sight. You must have the right to sign your own contracts. (Applause.) Until we have that we are not men and women. (Applause.) And your new emancipation is ahead of you—it is coming fast. I know it is coming fast because when I first travelled after I had met with your union, I said to the porter on my train, "I hope you belong to the Porters' Union." He looked me over, up and down and turning around in the most intelligent way, he said, "What do you know about it?" I said, "I know lots about it, I know Mr. Randolph, which is the first thing to know, I have been to a mass meeting and know what you are standing for, and I spoke at one mass meeting"—and that was my credential. (Applause.) That man didn't answer me, he waited and when I got back to my seat he edged up to me and took out a card and said "I have got a paid up card in my pocket. (Applause.)

Now what happens? The last trip I made down on the Sante Fe to Kansas City I said to my porter just as I went out, "I hope you belong to the Porter's Union." He didn't stop a minute, he said, "Yes, indeed, I do." You see what a difference that man meant to me. it meant that you are now strong enough for him to be unafraid of a lady. (Applause.)

That is about all I have to say, that you have a cause and when you go out and get members into your cause the Pullman Company will telegraph for Mr. Richberg or Mr. Randolph to come to see them. Maybe it has already done it. All in the world that you have to do is to get members and all the Negro papers will give you the very front page with big red letters at the top. (Applause.)

I firmly believe in your cause. I think, Mr. Richberg, I never saw unions start more enjoyably, I never heard more enjoyable and brilliant speeches, except my own (laughter). Mine is just a woman's speech, just a speech of good feeling. I assure you I feel you are in the right track, you are going in the right direction on the right basis, now with this wonderful law and your power to appeal to the Government and your power to co-operate and mediate which is a part of your nature, I am sure you are going to be very successful.

This should be the philosophy of every Brotherhood man in our fight for economic freedom. From that Grand Man, EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I am only *ONE*,
But still *I AM* one.
I cannot do *EVERYTHING*,
But still I can do *SOMETHING*.

I will not *REFUSE* to do the *SOMETHING* that I *CAN* do.
And because I cannot do *EVERYTHING*

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Letters hereafter must not exceed 200 words—the 23rd Psalm had no more!

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
Editor of THE MESSENGER

New York,
Nov. 10th, 1926.

Dear Sir:

My apology for bringing this matter to your notice is that a good leader should be informed on all matters bearing on the campaign in which he is regarded; irrespective of the source of that matter. In the October issue of an obscure magazine printed in Chicago, called the Heebie Jeebies, is an article entitled "Research into Pullman Porters' Wages." It is hardly to be expected that you have ever heard of this colored *bureau of mis-information*; so it is quite in order to say that the name "Heebie Jeebies" is well in keeping with, and a true indication of its contents. The article in question claiming to be "a mass of reasonably exact information" of porters' wages, working and living conditions, is merely a tricky fabric of malinformation.

The above statement will at once be borne out when I quote the last sentence of the article, "His is the best paid job in the world." He was referring to the pay of Pullman porters. That leaves one wondering whether the writer is a satirist or tragedian. The statement puts him in the first class and the fact that it was printed in a colored magazine and intended to harm the porters is a tragedy indeed. The magazines are sold for ten cents per copy and piled up in the Pullman offices for free distribution to their porters and maids. Generous, are they not?

It is quite reasonable to suppose that the special article has at least found great favor with them; if it was not printed by them or at their instigation. While outsiders may put some credence in parts of the article, it is causing no end of amusement to the fraternity. They have been suddenly informed of their great wealth and easy life, as well as the fact that they do not want what they are struggling for. Quite a paradox.

The effect produced by this article is illustrated by the following incident: A number of porters were sitting in a car a few days ago. One, wishing to enliven the company, started to read the article in question. Throughout the reading he was continually interrupted by groans, catcalls, hisses and uncomplimentary remarks about the author. At the end in perfect unison, the men shouted, "Give him the dog."

In explanation of the above remark is this tale: A number of boys once found a toy dog. Who should now own it, became quite a question. With wisdom, beyond their years, they arbitrated in this manner. He who told the greatest lie should have the dog. During the recitation a minister arrived on the scene. He inquired into the cause of the gathering and on being informed scolded the boys for telling lies and ended by saying, "When I was a boy, I never told a lie." Like the porters, these boys shouted, "Give him the dog." He had fairly won it, so has the "Heebie Jeebies." Let it enjoy its laurels, if that is the height of its ambition. Your victory, Mr. Editor, will be in contradistinction to the above. It will be fairly won on truth, righteousness, honesty, sincerity, unselfishness and faith in the power of a just cause. Keep up your faith and your fight. You are upheld in your struggle by the spirit of men who for the first time have caught a vision of the sunlight of economic freedom. Nothing can stop us now, and surely not the "Heebie Jeebies." Onward to Victory!

Yours fraternally,
A PRIVATE.

Washington, D. C.,
October 28, 1926.

THE MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., INC.,
2311 7th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please allow me to compliment you on the excellent magazine you are publishing. I became a reader of THE MESSENGER beginning with the September, 1926, issue, and from reading this monthly it is my conviction that it comes nearer deserving the slogan which it carries on the cover, "World's Greatest Negro Monthly," than does either the Chicago Defender or the Chicago Tribune their similarly worded claims to superiority.

Your editorial on Valentino in the October issue is the most sensible one I have read on this cinema star.

I would that I could enclose herewith remittance for a year's subscription to THE MESSENGER but for financial reasons I shall have to continue purchasing the magazine by the month from the newsstand, for the time being at least.

Speaking of Racial Monopoly it occurs to me that your race "enjoys" a monopoly on a good deal of the dirt, hatred and prejudice extant in America.

I notice that a contributor to THE MESSENGER in the Open Forum of October bids you fight on and that "no man can do these wonders unless God be with him." It also occurs to me that God has been rather negligent in providing for his children, black and white, yellow and brown, during the past. Asleep on the job so to speak. Yes, fight on, but depend on your own efforts and don't depend on God. Abraham Lincoln, who has been characterized as one of the greatest friends of the Negro race (and who was, I believe), was not a Christian and did not believe in a personal God. Clarence Darrow today is one of the greatest friends that your race has and he is not a Christian, or even a Deist, he is an Agnostic. In other words, we have quite a few examples of men who have striven for the improvement and betterment of humanity who were not believers in God. And as a matter of fact, practically all of those who have hindered the progress of the masses have been allied with God and His churches.

I am pleased to observe that you do not bow down and worship the Republican Party. Both the political parties are hopelessly corrupt; no hope or expectation should be placed in either one of them effecting any laudable progressive measures. They are controlled by Wall Street and Wall Street's God.

Good luck to you and I'm sure you will succeed as we all will eventually in obtaining economic and mental freedom for the human race.

But put not your trust in God or the Republican Party! Let us have faith in ourselves.

Sincerely,
RICHARD F. PAIGE.

Tips

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,

Dear Sir:

I would just like to ask your permission for a few moments to try to answer a few of the questions that are being asked porters by some of the passengers con-

(*Continued on Page* 383)

BROOKWOOD LABOR COLLEGE

By THOMAS L. DABNEY

Sometimes a movement of far-reaching significance has an unusual beginning. This was the case with the founding of Brookwood Labor College, located at Katonah, New York. Its establishment was due largely to the conversion of Toscan Bennett, a lawyer of the bourgeois class, to the cause of the workers.

Following the World War, with its industrial and social maladjustments, Toscan Bennett, by accident, came in contact with the labor movement. He was appalled by the suffering which he found among some of the workers during the period of unemployment. The labor movement was a revelation to him. He wanted to do something to aid the movement. He conceived the idea of establishing a college where the education of the workers would be under their control.

As it happened, Mr. Bennett was part owner of a fifty-acre tract of land, beautifully located in Westchester County. He secured title to the whole tract with the view of donating it for a workers' college.

In March, 1921, a group of labor men and women and labor educators met at Katonah to consider the question of a workers' college. All were interested in establishing the movement for workers' education in the United States. After two days' discussion, a program was adopted for the establishment of a resident workers' college with a two-year course equivalent to the work of a first-class college. In the following October Brookwood opened with an enrollment of twenty students.

The founding of Brookwood marks a new step in education in the United States. It is the only resident co-educational labor college in America. According to the pamphlet explaining its purpose, "Brookwood is not a propaganist institution. It seeks the truth free from dogma and doctrinaire teaching. It believes in the organized labor and former movements as the most vital and concrete forces working for human freedom."

Brookwood began its fifth year October 19th with an enrollment of forty students. "They represent a cross section of the American labor movement in nationality and geographical location, as well as occupation. They come from as far south as Virginia, as far north as Minnesota, and as far west as Colorado." Thirteen nationalities are represented exclusive of the student from Germany, one from England and one from Sweden. Two colored students are attending Brookwood this year.

The courses at Brookwood are divided into two groups. The first group includes the use of English, economics, public speaking, and the history of civilization, a general background for first year students. The second group includes labor history—American and foreign, labor journalism, trade union organization and administration, social psychology, and parliamentary law with emphasis on the practical problems of labor for second year students.

Dramatics was added to the work of the school this year. It is regarded as important for its educational value and its practical use in the labor movement. In this connection three plays were given at Brookwood December 1st and 13th. These plays will be staged in New York and nearby places during the year, and at least one new play will be given in the meantime.

Brookwood is still in its experimental stage. Its one big problem is that of formulating an educational program suited to the present needs of the workers and the future reconstruction of society. Differences in nationality and the training of its students aggravate this problem. Nevertheless, Brookwood is achieving much for the labor movement. It deserves credit for its welcome to colored workers.

With its single devotion to a high ideal, Brookwood is destined to become a potent factor in the labor movement for the social betterment of the working class in America.

TO ISA

Cold and bleak the winds are blowing,
But the skies are blue and clear,
And the amber sunlight, glowing,
Floods and fills the evening air.

Floats on palm-crest's shining fringes,
Fire crested, twilight groves,
Till its glowing glory tinges
Every thought of Fancy wove.

'Till the *tinkling's* cry seems sweeter,
Chimming from its palmy bower,
And like fairy-bells its metre
Calls the visions of the hour.

Visions haunted by the throeing
Phantoms of a time—to imbed age,
And amid them my sad longing
Should my Isa's charms engage.

Oh! my May-morns fair Aurora,
Sunny tressed and dimpled fay,
Once more! Once more! thine adorer
Sees thee in thy budding day.

When I wreathed the jasium chaplet
In the love-lit long ago,
Wreathed with starry-blooms a chaplet
For thy tresses' golden flow.

Once at moontide's burning hour,
As 'mid orange groves we strayed,
And beneath the perfume bower,
Culled the fair fruit there displayed.

Lured by some of fairest seeming
We had fair the boughs despoiled,
When amid them, dusky gleaming,
We beheld a serpent coiled.

Oh! what freezing horror filled us,
As we fled that honeyed hive,
But the frightful fears that chilled us
Could not 'mid those groves endure.

Fruit as fair were round us growing
Still rich odors breathed around,
Soon our cheeks were once more glowing,
As fresh treasured sweets we found.

Would that from life's specious treasures,
From its endless, hidden toils,
We could flee, yet still find pleasures
Where no lurking serpent coils!

Vanish! fears that ache the bosom,
Let me dote on Isa now,
Wreathed with jasmins, starry blossom,
Childhood's dawn-smile on her brow.

C. McKENZIE MUIR.

Sports

(*Continued from page 372*)

a player of a southern school upon being called down by the coach got his gun and killed the coach. A player in the Syracuse vs. Army game for a penalty smashed the referee in the face. Referee Gibson in our circle was set upon by a pack of individual cowards but mob-brave spectators and students and severely beaten at Greensboro late in October. These actions are often due to the failure of authorities to impress upon the players and coaches the need to be good sportsmen and refrain from inciting non-players to action by the tenor of their acts or remarks. One leading Theological School president so far lacked in self-control as to remark along the side-line: "If I had a gun I'd shoot that referee myself." The Eastern Board of Officials have determined to inflict the severest penalties the rules can afford on players or others who violate the rules that are placed by the rule makers to encourage the molding of gentlemen.

Fraternal Organization and the Death Rate

By J. A. Rogers

Speaking of the work that colored insurance companies and fraternal organizations is doing to reduce the Negro death rate, W. A. Jordan of the Southern, Aid Society of Richmond, Va. wrote me with reference to my recent article, in part:

"The Negro fraternals and insurance companies have made greater contribption to the improvement of the Negro's health condition than any other one fact or in the country. This great problem cannot be solved over night; it is the work of years. But the Negro fraternals and insurance companies have made it possible for the humblest and poorest race members to have funds to provide for their doctors, medicines, and care, and thus have banished dependence on charity from almost every section where these concerns operate. They have also made it possible for the Negro physician, dentist, druggist, and other practitioners to be assured work and a living, and this is best evidenced by the fact that prior to the advent of Negro fraternals and insurance companies, the Negro physician was a rarity. Since the whites control the government and affairs, they naturally appointed white physicians and nurses and supervisors to take care of medical and hospital activities, and so long as the masses of Negroes were without protection or means, they were solely dependent on such avenues of relief for medical attention. Now the poorest colored home has the choice of its own race physician, dentist, druggist, etc.

"Now coming to the activities to improve the health of our group, a careful investigation would show that practically every colored fraternal and insurance company has undertaken constructive work to improve the unfavorable sick and mortality ratings of our group. The colored fraternals and insurance companies cooperate with every campaign of the Federal Government, Red Cross, Tuskegee, and other health movements, aside from their own special campaigns and endeavors to improve the status of our people as to health and longevity. Just prior to reading your splendid article, we had arranged to distribute over our field, a leaflet, 'Helpful Hints to Mothers in Hot Weather,' as prepared by the Richmond Health Bureau. This form of cooperation is constantly in vogue by all of the colored companies and fraternals; but as stated before, those on the outside have a superficial knowledge of things on the inside. To an extent, the insurance people are at fault for the lack of knowledge of the general public of their good deeds. On account of the general unfavorable attitude of the press and public speakers toward the insurance business and those engaged in it, you will find, as a rule, that the insurance people, without regard to color, prefer to give publicity to their activities through regular insurance periodicals and journals than the unjust and demagogic public press or usual forms of publicity."

* * *

If I have heard it said once, I have heard it said ten thousand times that the Negro will never come into his own until he learns to stand together. That is the belief of nearly every Negro; and in this multitude of counsel there must be some truth.

The Brotherhood, as I have seen it, is organized on modern, scientific lines, and conducted by men of unimpeachable character. To the best of my knowledge there has never been another organization run by Negroes so equipped with intelligence and above all with modern methods as this is. Every porter should join it, if but for the valuable practice, so necessary to Negroes, of learning to stand together once in a while.

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POEMS

Tears of Broken Hearts

I stood,
Where the Geometer computing
With intuition and co-ordinates
Of Time and Right Geodesics determines,
A true event.

Far inward I beheld, and searching out
The objects of his Science, Signals of man.
His span of life is small, his vision great.
His wisdom bound the last of all its kind,
A planetary wanderer of the waste,
Sole outpost of the kingdom of the Elements,
And Dominion of Form, whose nebulous vast loom
In silence rolled away.

Beyond the rim of Things, beyond our knowing,
I found a mystic water flowing, flowing.
And beside me pondering o'er the scene,
A Form advanced of port and front serene.

"What are these waters?" of the Form I asked.

"Bow down, O Brother," came a voice of sorrows.
"Tis ever thus one hears:
These are the Tears
Of Broken Hearts,"
They flow from yesteryears
Through dim tomorrows;
From gilded Thrones of purple woe
They come.
From cottages of simple sorrow
Some
Straight as the falcons fly,
And as the hounds in cry,
So Griefs, for bye and bye,
They come."

From Times and a time ablutions
Flowing down, flow up
And wash the Feet of God.

Here they are a flood
There a mist, and His Light
Striking through, thereby
Hangs His Signet, Rainbows
Across the worlds.

The winds are clean and sword-strong,
For they are washed.
The mountains glint their spear-shafts,
For they are washed.
The elements forge gestation,
For they are washed.
The stars gleam white and twinkle,
For they are washed.
The soul of man's redeemed,
For it is washed.
By the Tears of Broken Hearts.

J. Vox.

The Hole in the Stocking

Did you ever have a hole in your stocking,
That you didn't know was there;
While you walked along demurely,
With your head up in the air?
You see folks looking at you,
And feel "In another sphere!"
Until you find you've a hole in your stocking
That you didn't know was there.

Did you ever have a hole in your stocking
That you really knew was there?
'Tis then it seems you meet folks,
Whom you know from everywhere.
You say: "Listen, can you see it?"
You say: "Oh I don't care."
But you feel the hole in the stocking,
Because you know that it is there.

Did you ever have a hole in your stocking,
And didn't know which one,
And had to try a shoe on,
As generally is done?
In spite of all precaution,
Matters not which one you choose,
You will show the hole in the stocking,
When you go to try on shoes.

Ann Lawrence.

Mourners

There are some poor folks
In every Community
Who never miss a wake
No matter who may die
Friend or Foe;
They always go to sit with the mourners
They love a corpse
They have a morbid passion for funerals
And if the deceased
Be a reputation
They are more than pleased.
Whenever they hear of a sick character
They hasten to the bedside
Or wait upon those who have
Entreé to the sick room
They peer and sneak
They speculate and whisper
And if the patient recovers
They go off in hypocritical sympathy
And Joy.
But if it dies!!!
Boundless emotions are theirs
No sacrifice is too great
For them to be present
At the lowering of a dead reputation
Into the grave.

George Franklin Proctor.

You Know No Lover

Until you feel, as I have, Pain's wild kisses—
White hot—like torches flung against the night;
And know the terror of his deep caresses—
Tenacious, blighting, in their iron might—
You know no lover!

Until you hear the madrigal he singeth,
Exultant, throaty, through the wasting hours;
And inhale deeply fragrance that he bringeth—
Pale Eether—poignant musk of Lethean flowers—
You know no lover!

Until you sink to passive, yielding moment—
And meet his embrace without moan or sigh:
Then feel him shudder, slain by his own torrent,
To leave you, spent, to greet dawn in the sky—
You know no lover!

Eulalia Osby Proctor.

Book Reviews

By Theophilus Lewis

Boswellizing O'Neill

"Eugene O'Neill," By Barrett H. Clark. Robert M. McBride Co., New York.

Like Professor Brander-Matthews, Mr. Barrett H. Clark is an excellent literary archeologist who can beat the world digging out and assembling material, but when he turns his hand from research to appraisal I, for one, have learned to con his reports with a skeptical eye. It is the failing of his brochure on Eugene O'Neill, written for the Modern American Writers' series, that it is devoted less to research, which is Mr. Clark's forte, than to analysis, at which he is not so good. Of course, it could hardly be otherwise, for, barring the accident of disability or death, neither the life nor the work of the subject of the brochure has reached its meridian.

Any book about O'Neill is worthwhile. The man is of such tremendous importance not only to American drama but to world drama as well that any effort to gather scraps of information about his life and activities so that they may be preserved for the future is a laudable work. To me, if not to the world in general, much of the data contained in Mr. Barrett's book is new and consequently filled with interest. The fact that O'Neill wrote doggerel poetry in his jejune days is an amusing revelation while the dramatist's letters, as one would expect, contain far sounder dramatic criticism than Mr. Clark's. These letters, like Ibsen's, will more than pay the tyro playwright for the effort involved in giving them a close study, for they fairly teem with examples of how the germ of a dramatic idea develops from seed to flower.

Another service the book performs is bringing numerous biographical details out of the region of legend into the bounds of authenticated fact. O'Neill's early life was as colorful and adventurous as were the youthful wanderings of Sydney Porter, John Masefield and Knut Hamsen. For sketching this brief outline of the foremost American dramatist Mr. Clark will doubtless receive the unstinted applause of the future.

"Unprogressive" Negroes

By George S. Schuyler

"Tom-Tom" By John W. Vandercook Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a sympathetic and comprehensive description of the Bush Negroes of Suriname, particularly the Saramaccas. Sad to say, these are not "progressive" Negroes. One becomes downcast and despondent upon learning that here are Negroes who are not ashamed of their black skins and kinky hair, do not wear clothes or shoes, are not Christians and can not understand the jargon of the Christian clergy, know nothing of the social ills from which white "civilization" suffers, are unacquainted with the debaucheries of effete occidental society, and who actually think they are superior to white people. They combine art with everyday affairs. No they are not progressive Negroes, such as reside in this land of the free. They are just sensible Negroes.

Nevertheless, although these Negroe would be called savage by Afram ericans, I am raving about this book. There is positively no recent book that can be more highly recommended to the reading public. The jacket blurb refers to the book as "A remarkable account of jungle science, magic and forklore." This is an exact description of it. Not only is the book packed with information but it is excellently written. It is one of those books that one finishes at a single sitting. There isn't a dull page or passage in it. On every page the author stresses his admiration for these Negroes and their civilization which he holds to be the equal, and in many ways the superior, of the Nordic.

The scene is the jungle country of Dutch Guiana. Here 200 years ago the blacks who had been brought from Africa to toil on the plantations began to escape into the jungle. The revolts spread and the rebels set up independent communities deep in the jungle. Time and again they defeated the white troops sent to recapture them. With the African traditions fresh in their memories, they began the civilization which today is as near perfection, or nearer, than any of its contemporaries. It is not a Nordic but a Negro civilization—a jungle civilization. Here is developed a philosophy of life, a science, a system of government, a family organization, an art, a code of morals and a standard of aesthetics adapted to black people in the jungle. It works and works well, which is more than one can say for Nordic civilization.

We learn in this book of the heroic struggles of black men and women who resolved to die rather than remain in slavery; of the marvels of white and black magic; of the astounding knowledge of the witch men; of the beauty, simplicity and common sense of the jungle concept of god, creation, the spirit and devils; of the wonderful artistic sense of these people and how art has its place in their everyday life; of their customs and beliefs; of their fearlessness and calm assurance in the deep fastnesses of the jungle where death lurks in every imaginable form; of their wizardry with the toms-toms and their ability to still the jungle noises with their hypnotic rhythms; of how some tribes banish all members who are not jet black and haven't kinky hair; of the white man's inability to exist in the jungle; of their pride in their beautiful black bodies to the extent that some tribes will allow no clothes to be worn; of the pitiful attempts to Christianize these Negroes; of the delight and pride of these jungle folk in their marvelous knowledge that is a closed book to white men. It is a book that will prove highly instructive to the average reader, white or black. The author writes, not from the viewpoint of a white man, but rather from that of an investigator from some other planet, so devoid of prejudice and bias is he.

I wish every Negro in the United States and the West Indies would read the author's preface. It is one of the most accurate and devastating criticisms of Caucasianized Negroes that I have read for many a day. He refers to the tragedy of Aframerica —the disparagement of things Negro because they are Negro, refers to the disgusting practice of skin whitening and hair straightening, and sees the "civilized" Negroes (as I see them) getting nowhere with all their vaunted progress. People who despise and poke fun at characteristics of which they should be proud because these things are part of themselves—such people no matter what their wealth and education can never amount to a damn. Mr. Vandercook, in common with many white and black Americans, sees that clearly. As a contrast he presents the unlettered Bush Negro of Suriname who possesses all those qualities found lacking in their more "enlightened" brethren of the western world. "Tom-Tom" might well be used as a textbook in Negro schools.

The Critic

(*Continued from page 365*)

they must either do it themselves or support those who are doing it. Until this is done, I say, it serves us right. Gertrude Sanborn's book "Veiled Aristocrats" and Jessie Fauset's book "There is Confusion" fell almost flat from the standpoint of sales. At the Veteran's Hospital at Tuskegee, Miss Peterson, the librarian, told me that Miss Sanborn's book was the favorite among the inmates for its inspirational value. Miss Sanborn, by the way, is white.

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Reflections Upon Race

(*Continued from page* 364)

the viewpoint of the Nordic, of all the elements in the world's population? How do you ever expect us to protect the little of this precious blondness, that is still left in the world after the world war, like that? Pshaw! Fiddlesticks! It looks as though Dr. Franz Boas was right after all when he wrote, "If the powerful caste system of India has not been able to prevent intermixture, our laws, which recognize a greater amount of individual liberty, will certainly not be able to do so; and that there is no racial sexual antipathy is made sufficiently clear by the size of our mulatto population." Lester F. Ward once wrote in substance if not in words: "When two races live side by side the blood of each flows in the veins of both." A knowledge of this same fact may have caused Kelly Miller to observe: "A lot of Teutonic blood may flow under a black exterior." Neither race then is immune from admixture with the other. A corollary from this flows as a natural consequence that some, if not many of the presidents of the United States, and other illustrious gentlemen of State, have had Negro blood in their veins. Who can tell but that some of the most venomous Negro-Phobists have been impelled to preach the doctrines of race hatred and race prejudice against the Negro, because of their knowledge of that same Negro blood coursing through their veins, inspired by the psychological wisdom, to prevent attention from being focussed upon oneself, direct it upon some object outside of oneself? In the light of these facts all such palaver as the two peoples "remaining in all things socially as separate as the five fingers of the hand," aside from serving the purpose of pandering to prejudice, has about as much social significance as dainty tea table chatter. A casual study of man will show that in a heterogeneous population nature has never favored insularity of race, in the first place. Here we conclude: Man can rear no social dykes which nature cannot scale.

Under the circumstances, what on earth will become of the American northmen? Dear things. If they keep up such vicious and absurd practices as intermingling with Negroes, they most certainly will become afflicted with that awful scourge of man known as "jarring heredities." This must never be or their physical ideal and civilization are doomed, the Negro being, you know, preeminently a brunette in every sense of the word and a low type and low culture man. Since we came to think of it what about the habitat of these northmen,—the New World? Is this really a Nordic land? Why go on? Nature has so much to say about the whole affair that man should be content to remain silent.

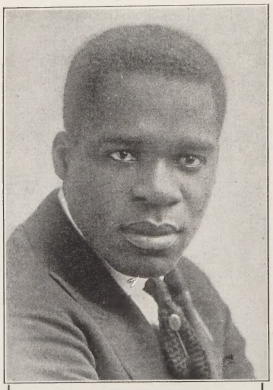
Having seen then, that the Nordic and the Negro are closely akin, the former should be careful not to snub his blood brother, left but yesterday, when reckoned in geologic time, in the sun in the south. Has not nature proved herself just as capable of producing albino in other Zoological species, notably the bear, the same as she has in man? Again one should not lose his head because his skin happens to be fair and his eyes blue; for many cats can boast as much.

Lester F. Ward, one of the greatest thinkers of all times, divided his great system of Dynamic Sociology into three great parts, to wit: Primary Aggregation, Cosmogeny, or the evolution of worlds, Secondary Aggregation, Biogeny, or the evolution of plants and animals on the globe, and Tertiary Aggregation, Sociogeny, or the evolution of society. Who can tell but that the intermingling of races which will eventually result in the homogeneity of race is but a part of the process of the fourth great aggregation. More and more men are becoming internationalists. Already H. G. Wells has glimpsed a world government, or a homogeneity of government. Lester F. Ward long ago saw if he did not predict a homogeneity of race. When the attorney for the plaintiff in the Rhinelander proceedings talks about a "horrible, unnatural, and absurd" marriage the social scientist smiles. He is reminded of the person who tried to sweep the ocean back with a broom. As he smiles, he is also deeply moved with regret that there are altogether too many of his ilk who are in the wood age so far as having a knowledge of the great forces with which they have to deal.

BLACK GIRL

You are black—
Not, white, or yellow, or teasing brown—but black.
In a world of white and brown and yellow women—
You are black.
Black with no pretense to anything but blackness—
No vulgar grease or heated iron ever touched
Your tangled hair;
No rouge your full red lips, no powder
Ever streaked the midnight blackness of your skin.
In a world of white women and women striving to be white—
You alone are black.
You are black—
Like the Afric night from which our forbears came—
No insipid features yours;
No colorless doll—like beauty; you are
Aflame with life and alive with color—
You are black.
To me you are the splendor of the Pharaohs in ages past,
Who, when paler men than they were hairy brutes,
Builded on the fertile banks of the River Nile.
A magnificent civilization with their bare black hands.
You are the age old grandeur of the pyramids,
That thru unnumbered centuries have reared
Their perfect apices to the African skies.
You are the weird glory of the sphinx
Whose Negroid features, beautiful could we but see
With our fathers eyes, bear testimony irrefutable
To the ancient glory of our clan.
My heart thrills to you, Black Girl, for to me,
You are the faded glory of my struggling race,
And because I see smouldering in your deep dark eyes
The fires, the brilliant fires, that shall light
That newer day when black beauteous Ethiopia,
Made radiant in the consuming fire of high desire,
Shall stretch her shapely hands to God!
You are black—
And I love you for your blackness;
Love the swell of your young bosom,
The savage sinuousness of your maiden form,
Your curly tangled hair, sweet-smelly like hay
Freshly mown; I love the subtle shadows
In your deep dark eyes—ah, those mystic eyes;
I love your lips, full and red with a mad-sweet
Passion whiter men can never know;
I love to hold you, crush you in the awful pressure
Of my arms and feel your primitive heart beating
Against my own. You are black, Sweet Girl,
And I love you.

L. R. Stephens.



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Proprietor

The Theatre

(*Continued from page 362*)

with that dignity of position which inevitably raises its possessor far above zero. I only name them because their likenesses are well known to thousands of people all over the country. Is there any man bold enough to claim that any one of them resembles the image of God? If there is certainly the men themselves will deny it.

From the standpoint of symmetry alone, one might speak of the feline form divine or the canine form divine with far greater respect for fact and less disrespect toward the Diety; for of all animals the human species contains the largest proportion of malformed individuals. One can go about the world for days, weeks, months even, without running across even a half perfect man or woman. On the other hand one cannot go about usual duties for a single day without observing countless examples of imperfection and infirmity, ranging from people who can't walk for bunions to others who can't sit down for hemorrhoids. To stroll ten blocks along any fairly crowded street is to meet an endless parade of knock-knees, liverlips, bowlegs, saddle heads, pot bellies, wry necks, hydrocephalics, microcephalics, men with cross eyes and women with hare-lips. And the unrighteous sounds and odors that assail the senses! Will any child of God stand for hearing the Master accused of having a voice like a huckster selling fish without knocking the accuser down? Are the soldiers of the Lord going to let communists and atheists get away with hinting that God smells like a rent party at 2:00 a.m Sunday morning or a revival meeting at 10:05 p.m. Sunday night?

Still, that is precisely the meaning of the sweet expression "the human form divine." Bushwah! If there is any suggestion of divinity about a chorus girl with a whisky voice and a face like a cobble stone or a scrub woman with a stern like a taxicab this low-comedy skit is a piece of writing as lofty in theme and delicate in execution as Milton's invocation to light. Something ought to be done about it. If I were Heaven's attorney general I'd keep my ears open awhile, and the first time I caught a bird referring to "the human form divine" I'd hale him up before twelve good angels and true and railroad him to Hell for forty centuries.

Gentlemen, Be Seated

When I first consecrated my talents, such as they are, to the sacred calling of Scaliger, Hazlit and Lessing —that is, when I took it on myself to sit in judgment on the work of men who have consecrated their talents, such as they are, to the calling of Burbage, Aldridge and Gilpin—I found the Negro theater devoting all its energies to a form of amusement which was a blend of a mauve decadent minstrel show and the ritual of a Barbary Coast cat house. Considering these carryings on contrary to the Koran, I at once proclaimed a jehad, calling on the repentant within the theater to forsake their wicked ways and exhorting the faithful without to organize themselves in militant little theater groups and annihilate the evil doers. But apparently there were no repentant souls within the theater or faithful souls without, for, after four years of incessant watching and praying, all I can show for my labors is one-half of one convert and the satisfaction of knowing I have made a good fight. The Negro theater is still devoting all its energies to what I said above as blithely as it was the first day I began to preach.

In one respect, however, there has been a marked improvement. Our stage, thanks to the influence of the night clubs, has lost a great deal of the crudeness of the honkytonk which made it a loathsome place ten years ago and acquired instead a great deal of the voluptuousness of a seraglio. This is because all our present headliners have years of experience behind them and as a result of long practice in doing the same tricks have become remarkably proficient in getting their stuff over. They are still using the same old patter, the same old slapstick, the same old methods of pandering to lust, but they are getting it across with more polish and finesse.

The matter, I've heard tell, is nothing; the manner is all. The saying is certainly true so far as our stage is concerned. A few years ago I habitually entered the Lafayette or the Lincoln hoping to see a good picture but otherwise resigned to an hour and a half of misery. Today I enter those emporiums of ineptitude expecting at least an hour of raucous merriment and only once in the past six months have I been disappointed. Nowadays, the blackface boys have a way with them that hardly ever fails to melt my case-hardened risibilities. I usually deliver a delectible snicker the moment the carbon copy of Ben Welch shuffles out from the wings and threatens to demolish his charcoal partner with a wallop so hard that if it misses his jaw the breeze from it will send his mother-in-law to bed with pneumonia. When the licorice stick of the first part confides to the 8-ball of the second part that he is so hungry he would murder his ma for a chance to look at the photograph of a bean I loosen up my vest and let out a roar that wakes up all the drunks sleeping in the back seats. And when an enraged Senagambian draws his trusty blade and prepares to slice a pound and a half of sinew off his mush-mouthed adversary's black bottom I explode in a gargantuan guffaw that stops the traffic on Eighth Avenue. These boys are getting too bad.

A Tip from The Editor:

If Every Messenger Reader
was
Only a Subscriber
we
Would Be Able to
print
A Bigger and Better
Messenger

Health for Harlem

(*Continued from page 367*)

prominent New York Negroes. Today the Committee is reaching more people than ever in Harlem. The Committee needs funds to carry on its activities during 1927.

How does it secure its funds? From the sale of Christmas Seals conducted every year by the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association. Every twenty-five cents or one dollar or ten dollars you spend in buying Christmas Seals in Harlem is that much money invested in health for yourself, for the health of individuals depends upon the health of the community in which they live, and the Harlem Committee is working to make Harlem as healthy a community as possible.

Editorial

(*Continued from page 369*)

were under Yankee teachers, and in the summer time went North to work on boats, railroads, in hotels, and boarding houses, where the guests were largely Yankees who walked fast, worked hard, thought quickly and straight; all of which qualities were absent in the Southern white man.

Open Forum

(*Continued from page 376*)

cerning tips. Some time ago the Pullman Company published something about a million dollar raise and of course the public read it and has taken it for granted that it is so.

I want to say that while I have not lost confidence in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and never will, I often wonder sometimes what the public thinks the porters are. The public reminds me of three lads who were friends to each other. They were out hunting one day and sat down to eat when suddenly two of them got into an altercation. The other lad, not knowing what to do to separate them thought that he would walk away and leave them. Then a thought came to his mind. Knowing that both were his friends and that both expected his assistance, he called to one to give the other an uppercut and to the other to give him a slap. This was done to keep on the good side of both of them. So in this way the Pullman Company is keeping on both sides. They publish an article about giving us a million dollar raise without explaining how it was done, knowing that we don't get much from the public as it is. Why is it that the Pullman Company is so interested in our tips instead of giving us a living wage? We would like to have the company pay us a living wage and tell the public that it is not necessary to tip the porter. We are working for the company not the public.

Many travelers are under the impression that we get our meals free and the company furnishes the polish for the shoes. It's a joke to see that they always talk about the porters and how well they are getting along and if it were not for our wives and children, two-thirds of us could hardly eat sufficiently. Of course when they publish something about us, they get the oldest "Uncle Tom" porter they can find to refer to. But what about their younger porters who were not perhaps so fortunate as they to be born at the time they were and entered the service when they did? Have they no right to live and take care of their families, too? Why don't they come to some porter who is running extra and get information as to how much tips he makes? Let them continue their exaggeration. It is a boost for us. Whatever happens, I am with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters at all times and if they fail, which they cannot do, I fail. I think they should be highly praised for what they have done because they have put up a bigger and better fight against the Pullman Company than any group of Negroes in the history of our race. I feel that the Pullman Company feels that they are approaching defeat. May the Brotherhood continue their splendid work with the help of the porters to support them and I think they will be rewarded. May God bless them! I remain,

Your faithful and untiring friend,

A. PORTER.

Group Tactics and Ideals

(*Continued from page 361*)

develop a race consciousness to be futile and confusing.

5. No.

6. I desire only to see the Negro group continue to progress in its present environment in America; I am neither for nor against amalgamation. It depends on the conditions under which it comes about. If it is a normal development, in line with the progress of the Negro, very good; if not, I am opposed to it. But I hold no opinion on the question of amalgamation as such.

7. I don't know.

8. I believe in the normal expression and development of the majority of any group. I believe such questions should be submitted to the group and decided upon by the group, then the whole abide by the decision of the majority.

FLOYD J. CALVIN.

NOTE: *These are the first two replies. Many more arrived too late for this number. Among them are replies from Forrester Washington, Wilson Lovett, Harold Simmelkjaer, and others. Send in YOUR answers before December* 15, 1926.—EDITOR.

Notice to Out of Town Porters

Here Is Where the Brotherhood Meets in New York City and When:

ST. LUKE'S HALL

125 West 130th Street
New York City

For the Month of December

Wednesday, December 8th
Wednesday, December 15th
Thursday, December 23rd
Tuesday, December 28th

All meetings begin promptly at 8:30 P. M.

Every porter should consider it a duty and a privilege to attend these meetings, in order to hear A. Philip Randolph, and keep informed of developments in the rapid forward conquering march of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

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